THE·SURFACE OF·THINGS

CHARLES·WALDSTEIN

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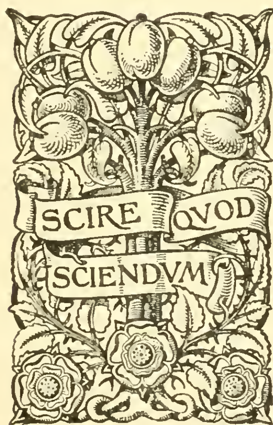
CHARLES WALDSTEIN



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PREFACE

For *reasons which appear cogent I have decided to publish over my own name the three stories here collected into one volume. They had appeared separately in England over the pseudonym of Gordon Seymour. My intention was, when issuing these short stories separately, to make them the first numbers of a collection, which I called the Ethics of the Surface Series, and I prefixed to the first volume an introductory essay on the character and scope of the series.*

One of the chief reasons which led me to adopt a pseudonym becomes manifest when I am about to reprint the original introduction. The whole tone of that introduction (of the stories as well) is completely changed when once I put my name to it. When I published it I was able to suppress my personality, and I wrote under the shelter of a pseudonym which seemed to spread a simple and fresh shade of good taste over all I might say about myself or my work. Under cover of a fictitious personality I could, for instance, with-

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out hesitation and without danger of incurring the charge of personal vanity, publish the terms of commendation expressed by a literary friend on these stories and the general idea contained in the series.

The whole position is entirely altered when once the author and the man appear inseparably joined in the work put before the public. There is then a constant menace to good taste and sincerity on the part of the author and the public, in that he should appear to obtrude his personality in the work, and the public be encouraged in the vice of undue curiosity and the confusion between the professional and private aspects of life.

This suggests a general question of serious import in the life and work of men of letters, of science, and of art. Nay, we may classify these professions from this point of view, i.e., *as the vocation itself tends to blend or to dissociate the person and his work. The man of science is thus least hampered by the fear of the inopportune obtrusion of his personality; while at the other end of the scale, the artist, for instance the actor, must find it most diffi-*

cult, if not impossible, to keep his personality from the gaze and criticism of the public.

Science is in its very essence intellectual, objective; the man of science must above all eliminate the personal equation from his work in order to arrive at the establishment of truth upon which all his efforts are concentrated. Art is essentially emotional, subjective; the artist, even when he deals with nature, with outer facts, must give these as they are reflected through his personality, and from this very personal rendering his work receives its unity of structure, its organic vitality.

Thus a scientific or historical author is in no danger of having his personality and life encroached upon by the reader of his works, and the thought of this possibility need never disturb the concentrated flow of his creative effort.

In the domain of art (and herein I include literature as such, poetry and fiction) the case is changed. But here, too, there are different degrees of personal obtrusion within the several artistic vocations. Thus there is a broad and convenient distinction between the work

of the productive and that of the reproductive artist — the poet and the actor, the composer and the musical performer.

In the reproductive arts the performer not only comes himself before the public, to be seen and heard, but the essence of his art depends upon the acutely personal rendering of the work, which immediately evokes comparison with the personal rendering of other performers, and criticism is generally based upon such comparison. This is so much the case that the work itself is often completely forgotten in the concentration of interest on the individual rendering. One has often been irritated in hearing, as the result of the performance of some great and interesting work, remarks exclusively limited to the rendering as such: "Have you heard the Piccolomini in this?" or, "You never saw the Bianchi in that," and what the one did in this act or with that phrase or ballad, etc. The poet or composer — nay, the work itself — are meanwhile entirely ignored or forgotten in the interest of the rendering. The dramatist and composer, who sit in a

well-shaded box listening to the performance of their work, may, no doubt, quiver with anxiety, quail under failure, or stagger with the drunkenness of success. It is a part of their own selves which they have given out, thrown before the world from the silent seclusion and sanctity of their studies. But it is a part of themselves, not their immediate whole selves which they give to the public; and success or failure has nothing to do with their innermost character, their own habits, their personal appearance. The performer — and he is to be much pitied on this account — cannot escape from himself in his work. Not only his mental and emotional self, but his voice, his looks, his every movement, are brought before the public; his professional success and failure depend upon that performance — one evening, one hour, nay one moment, in which he himself, his whole personality, makes or unmakes the situation. And this is fixed and stereotyped the next day in the criticism in the press. Herein lies the martyrdom of the performing artist; and what De Musset lets the Muse say to the poet,

in his splendid simile of the pelican who gives his heart-blood to feed his little ones, applies with greater intensity to the performing artist.

Among the productive arts there are gradations in this respect as well:

Painting and sculpture, and even music, are the products of artistic emotions, intensely personal in their origin; yet these are conveyed in an "objective" vehicle of expression, by means which have no direct suggestion of the personal life of the artist. These extraordinary impersonal means of expression (coloured canvas, marble and bronze, instrumental harmony of sounds) are interposed between the public that sees or hears the artist's work and his intimate life. They are not the natural and customary mode of personal communication, as language is. We are thus not reminded of our actual life, or the life and character of him who uses it, when we are spoken to in form and colour or harmony of sounds. The artist may disappear so completely within or behind his work that it may lead to ingratitude and injustice on the part of the public. Who has not

searched with dogged irritation to find the name of the sculptor on some beautiful monument, walking all round it and peering in vain for the name of the originator of the work itself, within line upon line of irrelevant and fulsome inscriptions, recording not only the merits of the man or cause commemorated, but the names and qualities of the persons, municipal or private bodies, under whose auspices it was erected, the time and place, the firm of the bronze-founders, etc.? Who has not been present at the inauguration of statues and buildings, when speech followed speech, occupied to no small extent with the personal history and glorification of the bodies that happen to be in power, of the speaker himself, with much fatuous rhetoric, — and barely, mentioning the sculptor or architect, nay, ignoring him altogether?

Literature, in contradistinction to sculpture, painting, and music, using as its vehicle of communication language, the same which is employed in their ordinary daily life by all people, is more directly expressive of the personal life and character of the author.

But in poetry and fiction there is again a distinction with regard to the personal equation. De Musset's verses on the fate of the poet, to which I have just referred, emphasize the intimate personal character of lyrical poetry, in which the innermost feelings, as well the most subtle as the most passionate, form the very substance of the artistic creation. In reading such verses and in being moved by them, the personality of the poet at once and necessarily rises before our eyes. We cannot read Byron, Shelley, Heine, or De Musset without the inherent association of their own lives and personalities — and herein we may often be misled into injustice and misapprehension of their lives and persons. The less the work is lyrical, the more it becomes epic or reflective, descriptive or thoughtful, the less it is subjective and personal in character.

Now the novel is no doubt descriptive. But the more it is descriptive of the actual life surrounding us, in which, we have reason to believe, the author moves, the greater will be the danger of seeing in it the life, and, per-

haps, also the person, of the novelist. The farther the characters, scenes, and events depicted are removed from our actual life, the more they are historical or remote in space, the smaller is this danger.

But in dealing with the "Ethics of the Surface" I have had reason to fear this more than ever. For the ethical element points to the "ought to be" and not only to the "state that is;" we are then not content with merely recording what we see before us, but we must imply what we should like to see in its stead. In so far the author is necessarily describing what he himself thinks, and must put into the mouth of some person, or distribute among several, the actual views of life which he holds. He, in so far obtrudes the personal equation, and the inference might be that he is describing himself in the fictitious person who is the bearer of his "ethical" views — an unpardonable instance of fatuity and bad taste. If I had thought that this would be the impression conveyed to the reader, I should certainly have been paralysed in the mainsprings of literary production.

So, too, in dealing with this surface of life, with every-day scenes and occurrences, the danger is imminent that I am supposed to depict, or even to copy, the actual life about me; and that consequently attempts at identification will be made by the reader. This fear would again cramp the freedom of production — nay, make it impossible.

I desire therefore to say that, though I have naturally drawn upon my own experience of men and things, the main characters in these stories are all fictitious; that especially as regards those shown in an unfavourable light, they have no individual counterpart among the people I know, and that, excepting the story of the Flags of Badajos, which was told me by a friend, no incident happened, or was developed in its completeness, as here given by me. I have, for instance, never met a Mr. Leatherhead, nor did I ever come across the incident of his rudeness here related, — the incident, in fact, formed the subject of a disagreeable dream.

I therefore count upon the generous fairness of the reader to eliminate the possibility of

such identification, and to extend his indulgence even to the Introduction as here reprinted, written when I felt secure under cover of a pseudonym.

C. W.

NEWPORT, R.I., August 4, 1899.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
INTRODUCTION — THE ETHICS OF THE SURFACE	xix
THE RUDENESS OF THE HONOURABLE RICHARD LEATHERHEAD	3
A HOMBURG STORY	66
CUI BONO ?	228

INTRODUCTION

THE ETHICS OF THE SURFACE

THE series of which this story is the first number requires a few words of preface, because of the title which has been given it.

An eminent man of letters who has read the manuscript of two of these stories writes to the author: "This whole field, which you happily designate that of 'The Social Ethics of the Surface,' is eminently worth working — it is the ultimate culture. . . . The inmost truth of the things at the surface is most difficult of popular apprehension. The most abstruse of all sciences is the Philosophy of the Superficial. . . .

"I thank you for the high pleasure I have experienced in the reading, and I most heartily congratulate you on the entirely new field you have seen, and bid fair to possess in its entire content."

I have omitted passages which contain praise highly encouraging and satisfactory to the author. But I felt moved, with the permission of the writer, to insert the passages above quoted, as they aptly enable me to say a few words in explanation of the title which has been given to this series, and which may appear pedantic and pretentious.

The writer quoted calls this "an entirely new and distinctive field." I have no doubt that, urged by a generous heart, he may have chosen terms of praise stronger than a pure spirit of criticism, unalloyed with a sympathetic desire of encouragement, would have justified. My immediate and conscious aim in writing these "stories" has never been to be original, or to do something new, — in fact, I have only become positively conscious of their originality through the letter of my kindly critic. What did often perplex me and fill me with

doubt while I was writing, and upon reflection after I had written, was the question under what accepted class or category of literature, understood and admitted by the public and approved of by the critic, these attempts of mine could be grouped.

I felt that they would fall between two stools; that they were full of contradictions, the most evident of which were two:

1. That they dealt heavily and seriously with things which are not weighty, and are not deemed of universal importance, that are not at the foundation of life, not big with life; that they attempted laboriously to dig and delve down into the innermost depths of — the surface.

2. That in form they moved about in the undefined and unacknowledged borderland that lies between Theory and Practice, Thought and Life, the Essay and the Story.

As regards the first question — whether the "surface morals" go deep down in our

life — I have felt growing in me, long before I thought of writing stories myself, the conviction that our "novel" literature erred in dealing too exclusively with what are supposed to be the fundamental and ruling interests and passions of life, and therefore the only proper motives to action in literature. The relation of man to woman, love in all its phases and with all its consequences, the lust of power and gain, the struggle for empire or the struggle for existence, money, a successful career, — these were considered the only topics of importance sufficient to become universal, and therefore capable of appealing to the interest of the general reader, and of evoking the sympathy which would fascinate his attention and stir emotion. Among the more abstract and intellectual interests of life — which were generally excluded from the ordinary literature of fiction, or only introduced episodically — religion was in a few instances

admitted. As a rule, the novel has not got beyond what might be called the lyrical stage, in which "love" and the whole relation of man to woman is the central topic of interest. It is only quite recently that failure in business or struggles in inner religious life have been made the central *motive* for novel or drama. And I have felt a growing sense of opposition to this narrow conception of life as reflected in literature, very similar to the revolt of the so-called realistic school against the imperfect picture of life which a conventional tradition of propriety had imposed.

But I asked myself whether the realists were not in their turn restricting the focus of the novelist's vision, while they were over-accentuating certain aspects and phases of life to the detriment of truthful proportion and artistic harmony. Were their "sense of colour" and their regard for their "values" correct? Could they present a true, if not

a beautiful and sympathetic picture of life, when red was either the one predominant pigment or was crudely introduced, and obtruded into even the most subdued combination of tones and colours?

In spite of this much-vaunted realism and "scientific" spirit, the picture which the powerful and, at times, monumental literature of the day, especially in France, gives of the age or the country is one-sided and incomplete, often caricatured,—at all events, it is not true to life, either the life of France or any other country. It is the "reverse" of the "coin" of idealism, the artistic value of which the realists repudiated. If they meant by idealism the exaggeration of one aspect of life and things, to the forced exclusion of the other elements essential to the organic nature, individual and social, then theirs is idealism of the ugly and common.

The question of sex, for instance, is a fundamental factor in life, and cannot be

denied or extirpated, even by the genius of a Tolstoï. But the all-absorbing importance, and the exclusive part it plays in the life of the men and women portrayed by Zola and Guy de Maupassant is not true to fact. Is theirs a picture of the whole of modern life, nay, even of what is essential to the lives of each one of us in our conscious, waking existence? There may be a few idle people with diseased nerves of whom it may be true, and their fate may exceptionally form the topic of a powerful story. But we cannot make a "school" of this. In fact, in literature and art the idea of a school or a fashion, — as regards subject as well as mode of expression and treatment, — consciously established during the actual period of production for writers or artists to follow or to be condemned, is an absurdity. The critic of posterity may classify into schools: but each artist must express sincerely and truthfully what he deems worthy

of expression, and in the manner most intelligible and most adequately convincing to his own judgment.

If all these interests and passions are fundamental to life, the task is to represent them in their due proportion — and proportion is at the bottom of *taste* — and to avoid exaggeration of single features in portraiture. This is true realism.

But the further question must be asked: What "life" the modern novelist is depicting, and hence what is essential to such life? The novelists with whose theories I am at issue, it appears to me, always understand by life what I should call the life of prehistoric man. I mean when they are upholding the principles of their realism. To the life of prehistoric man all the impulses and strivings which tend to the satisfaction of hunger and thirst, warmth and shelter, and the rudimentary passions of the species are not only fundamental, but may ade-

quately fill the whole of his conscious existence.

But we have developed far beyond this stage. Thousands of years of civilisation and social differentiation have drawn within the sphere of *fundamental necessities* what, to the savage and our prehistoric ancestors, was either unfelt, unknown, or a matter of accident and luxury. Not only those who are the fullest and highest representatives of our culture and civilisation, but even the simplest and humblest members of our modern occidental communities have a variety of needs and desires, without which life would to them not be worth living, which are so far removed from the "fundamental necessities" of prehistoric people that they would appear barely to graze the surface of existence. But, with human beings possessed of conscious volition, it is surely a test of the essential nature of needs and

desires, when man is ready to resign his right of living unless these be satisfied.

And how varied and multitudinous are these needs! Who would attempt to enumerate them? They make up the fulness and wholeness of that rich mine from which the novelist and the followers of all forms of literary effort will extract jewels or mere pebbles. I might be allowed to quote here what I published about twenty years ago in connection with the study of social phenomena: "Such facts will be none the less useful to us because they happen to lie on the surface, close under our eyes. It may, as a rule, be true that gold lies deep, and must be won by digging; but the test of gold is its substance, not its position in the earth; and when we can get it by merely washing sand, let us do so, not throw it away as worthless."

Among these needs of life which have not been adequately recognised in their

dignity and importance by the novelist, as fundamental to our life, though they appear to be on the surface, I would especially single out the craving we all feel to live with people who have refined and gentle manners, tact, the power of self-control, the intellectual sympathy — and the power to live up to it — which makes their intercourse varied without being restless, affable without being obtrusive, dignified without being forbiddingly reserved. With well-bred people of this kind we live pleasantly, without a jar. Forced intercourse with those not possessed of these qualities produces not only that very serious pain called boredom, but, when continuous, destroys peace, and leads finally to catastrophes which may end in truly tragic developments. Nay, many of us have an intense need — and the greater the progress of civilisation and education the more widespread and universal will this need be — to associate with people of intellectual refine-

ment, who have thought on, or have thought out, the subjects we are interested in, have read, or, at least, know of the existence of, the books which have become "classical;" who have a general knowledge of the great historical events which have modified the world's history; have artistic appreciation, or, at least, some knowledge of the masterpieces of the various arts; and have intellectual sympathy with the endeavours of scientific men and the problems which are occupying them. To many of us company of a lower standard is no company at all. All this is true for the *Socialist* as well as for the Tory.

After all, man is, as Aristotle has put it, a *ζῷον πολιτικόν* — a social animal; it is unnatural for him to live deprived of free intercourse with his equals; and the simple housemaid requires this, as a necessity of her life, as much as the most learned and most refined and those occupying the most

exalted positions in modern communities. These needs appear to be on the "surface," but in reality they form the very core of our conscious existence. Considerably more than half of our waking thoughts and aspirations are directed towards the satisfaction of them; they have become fundamental to us, and we therefore need not appeal to the basal passions of life for their justification. They are worthy of literary treatment. And fiction which pretends to hold the mirror of life before the eyes of humanity is, at least, incomplete, if it does not make these the subjects of its artistic creation.

There is an analogy in the development of ethical study. The systems of morals have hitherto been almost exclusively concerned with the fundamental general principles of human action, with Hedonism, Altruism, Egoism, Transcendentalism, Utilitarianism, Cynicism, etc., etc.; and they have not ventured upon the field of "prac-

tical" ethics, of the needs of our actual, complicated life, and the duties and rights which our developed social existence has evolved. But we require now (if such a "practical science" has any right of existence) *inductive* ethics of the surface, which go deep down into the nature of the social existence of modern men and women, as they meet each other in free intercourse and are bound to live together. The sphere of economics has already been drawn into the circle of ethical enquiry. Ethics will now have to penetrate into the very substance of social, intellectual, and artistic spheres of living.

The mention of "Ethics" brings me to the second and graver cause of doubt which I have felt in the writing of these stories — the question of form and not of substance.

For I am well aware that the surface side of life has frequently been introduced into fiction, from the great Balzac and Jane

Austen to Gyp and Mr. Henry James. What I have said, and what, up to this point, I propose to do, may not be original. I do not mind this, if only the facts be admitted as true. I cannot say the same for the artistic form of these stories.

I feel, in the first instance, a serious personal misgiving, lest the strong theoretical bias of my own mind may lead me to think and theorise first, before I observe and study life, and then to transform the result into human action, to philosophise into life, — to humanise, vitalise, and dramatise thought and theory, and to theorise and to philosophise life and action. But in this process I am well aware of the danger that life may lose its vitality, and thought its accuracy and pure innermost validity — while the reader may be wearied.

Ars est celare artem may be a commonplace; it will never be a platitude. Many great masters of fiction, of whom Tur-

genieff is the type, have told deep and delicate truths of a theoretical or subtle nature *within* the pure story, without ever grossly and obtrusively introducing a generalisation, without ever pointing a moral or *illustrating* a social truth, — and the effect is a truly artistic one. The master mind of George Eliot (who was a great artist, all the same) has interspersed her fiction with excellent reflections and generalisations; we think while we feel — sometimes before we feel. But there is room for Turgenieffs and George Eliots, and I sincerely hope there will be many of them coming. We may personally prefer the one or the other form; but we never have the right to say that either the one or the other ought not to exist or to be followed. Perhaps the novelist who makes us entirely forget the "thought" at the bottom of the incident is the greater artist of the two. I do not know. It depends upon the bulk and

weight and inner excellence of the work itself. At all events, the writer who does not appear conscious of originality, depth, or elaborateness, who is not continually smacking his lips over the delicate flavour of his new and subtle truths, is certainly, in his personality, more amiable than his self-conscious or pedantic counterpart.

Feeling all this, how grave must be my misgivings, when I have ventured to adopt a form which sometimes would debar the writing from being called a novel or story at all, which is a manifest and direct treatment of a Surface Problem of life! The problem modified the search after, or the selection from, the life which presented itself to my observation; or an interesting incident or character only arrested my attention when it embodied, solved, or illustrated such a problem.

But I have quieted these misgivings, if not dissipated them entirely, by the reflec-

tion that every work of art, the novel included, requires a certain unity of composition and interest. And why should not this unity of interest be of a theoretical and ethical nature, in a time when scientific thought and reflection are so predominant a feature of the *Zeitgeist?* And why should not the form directly appeal to and reflect this cognitive side of even our æsthetic mind? The novel has, in this respect, hitherto been under the dominance of the drama; and though it is meant to be read and not to be seen and heard in a short period of time, its appeal to the imagination is through the dramatic methods, which it has, perhaps, too slavishly followed in form. But the novel and the story are books to be read and thought over at leisure, and not plays to be enacted in one evening. And therefore it may perhaps be the time for insisting upon some of the methods and forms that belong to books which directly appeal

to our thoughtfulness and satisfy our cognitive and reflecting attitude of mind.

At all events, though the more "dramatic" novel will always maintain itself, and has a supreme right of existence, there is room for the more theoretical form beside it ; and it is worth while trying the experiment. Should it be strong enough to assert and to retain its right of existence, the laws and canons which govern its ideal structure will have to be established by criticism in the course of time, and will have to be independent of those which rule the more dramatic novel.

This applies specially to the dialogue. I have long since felt that our dialogue in novel-literature, because it was thus developed out of the dialogue of the drama, was not constructively correct for a form which is read and not heard, nor is it true to life.

> " 'Will you have some tea, Sir Harry?'
> 'No, thank you, Lady Mary.'
> And he left the room" —

may be effective on the stage, where the personality of the actors and their by-play emphasise and complete the action, and where the scenery and the local atmosphere give a world of meaning. But these words in themselves do not interest us in life, nor do they say anything to us in reading them. It is really only in the most stirring and supreme moments of a crisis that depth of emotion and pregnancy of meaning are conveyed in compressed short sentences and words.

But in real life we do not speak in these trivial, short sentences. And I would ask the reader whether any picture of our modern life is adequate which does not render some of the delightful and interesting talks which we have had? Have not these talks, which moved and modified our life and marked epochs in our existence, been connected and coherent, going to the foundation of things, — were they not of the

"Essay" order? And, from the point of view of realism, is the picture of life true and complete which omits such vital elements of our social existence, the need and the satisfaction of which we constantly feel and crave for?

But how rare it is that we ever find in a novel a talk or conversation which we should care to listen to in real life or to recall when we are alone! And this interest and these talks are universal; they are not restricted to the educated and leisured classes. Go to any workingman's club, listen (if you were privileged enough) to the conversation of two young girls of whatever class when they are alone, of two boys at a public school, of men in a country house after they have left the smoking-room — and you will surely not find the vapid chatter called dialogue in our novels.

Still, I know that the main difficulty in introducing such conversation lies in the

proper application of artistic tact, which feels and knows what is opportune and what is out of place. The difficulty will always be to discover and to establish the relation which such conversation will hold to the story as a whole, the unity of its design and its bearing upon the characters and the situations of the narrative. The topic of conversation and its treatment may become so predominant and important as to submerge the interest of the story; the words might then be spoken by anybody, — they may be the bearers of impersonal truths, — and it will really be an Essay and we might be put in the "Essay" mood. Well, the same happens to us in life and even in stirring situations of life, and we take up the thread of ordinary existence with refreshed interest. I do not venture to lay down the canons of this literary form which has not yet been made manifest in actual works. The great masters, Plato and Rousseau, have dealt with

important problems in the dialogue form. In the one, the deep philosophical thoughts were entirely predominant and the living characters were merely hinted at (with supreme art, no doubt); while in the other the characters, though more fully dealt with, do not seem to possess real vitality. But both deal with fundamental problems and not with our "Surface."

As a rule, it will no doubt be wrong to make two men discuss deeply and continuously the Immortality of the Soul while riding home from a hard day's hunting — unless the choice and fact of such a discussion at such a time and in such a place are meant to serve as an illustration of the characters and the situation. There will have to be an artistic fitness between the topics chosen, the things said, and the persons saying them, as well as the outer conditions of their conversation. The talk ought to have some essential bearing upon

the story. But this being the case, may not the conversation itself interest us, apart from the personalities and the story? may it not be worth listening to for its own sake, or must it be colourless and empty talk that would bore us in real life?

These are the doubts and misgivings which have come to me and the problems which they call up. I know that the two contradictory elements which make up the stories in this "Ethics of the Surface" Series may not always be fully harmonised. Sometimes the essay, sometimes the story may predominate. But I must write in my own way; and I cannot go far wrong so long as I am sincere and conscientious in the execution of my task. And as for the propriety of bringing these efforts before the public, the appreciative criticism of competent men, the opinion of one of whom I have here quoted, encourages me to believe that they cannot be wholly without interest.

THE SURFACE OF THINGS

THE RUDENESS

OF THE

HONOURABLE RICHARD LEATHERHEAD

I HAD been staying at a Sicilian port for a week, and had been treated with much kindness and consideration by my old college friend Maxwell, who had been settled there for some time, — if "settled" could ever be applied to him.

He was a man who knew everything and everybody, could do everything, and had been everywhere — or, rather, as an epigrammatic friend had once said of him, "Maxwell is always somewhere else and is always doing something else." In his youth he had given promise of great power and great achievement, and had been called a genius. The same epigrammatic friend had, however, replied to one who said of Maxwell, "I always looked upon him as a man of great promise," — "Don't you think that men of prom-

ise often turn out men of compromise ?" In short, Maxwell was the counterpart of Browning's "Waring."

He had now made this Sicilian port the pivot of his rotations round the Mediterranean; while, at odd moments, he would turn up in Piccadilly with an orthodox frock-coat and top-hat, as if he had been striking the London pavement with patent buttoned boots for years without intermission, would flit about in the London drawing-rooms, — nay, the *salons* of Paris and other European capitals, — and then would vanish again to gyrate freely about the Southern Seas. He was fond of yachting, — in fact, of all sport, — drew and even painted well, was musical, and had a refined taste and extensive knowledge of the literatures of all lands. I do not know whether he ever published anything. I have often suspected his authorship when some striking and original publi-

cation was sent into the world anonymously or pseudonymously.

That he had literary power I feel fully convinced, for I have hardly ever met such a *raconteur* — so graphic and sensuous in his description of scenes and situations, so accurate and still suggestive in his delineation of character, and so felicitous in his diction. I often imagined (I know how readily one is deceived in this) that his talk could, if taken down in shorthand, be immediately transferred to print. To this must be added his extensive circle of acquaintances all over the world, the almost artistic interest which he took in their lives and family history, his power of sympathetic divination, which, together with his fresh and cordial manner, invited confidence, and made him the repository of much intimate information. He really was a dear, good fellow, liking people, ready and overjoyed to help, and naturally, therefore, liked.

He had been very kind to me during the last week, and realising that I was somewhat broken down from overwork, and accordingly depressed, he had taken me about assiduously and never obtrusively, had caused me to see all the places and things of interest, and to meet all the interesting people. He had been dining with me in my hotel that evening, and we were discussing the peculiar life of the town and the nature of its society, when I said:

"By the way, that man Leatherhead seems to me somehow or other out of place as Consul, and, moreover, he seems to know it."

"You are an acute observer," replied Maxwell, with an amused smile, and with a look of expectant inquiry. There was also a touch of the magisterial examiner in him when he asked, "Why do you think so?"

"Well," I answered, "in the first place, I

know that his family tradition and connection would have pointed to the diplomatic rather than the consular service."

"Quite correct," Maxwell threw in.

"Then he seems to assert in all his bearing and manner (and his wife accentuates this still more markedly) that he is not satisfied with his surroundings and vocation — that it is a temporary makeshift — in fact, that they have professionally (I did not notice any suggestion of financial discomfort) seen 'better days.' . . . On the whole, — I hate to use the word, — there is a touch of snobbishness. In my more impulsive and dogmatic younger days I should at once have called him a snob."

Maxwell had been following me with close attention, nodding assent at every phrase, with manifest delight in the progress of my characterisation.

"You would not be wrong in calling him that in the full acceptation of the term,

though it is only of late years that he has thus developed into the full type. Circumstance, or, as prigs would call it, environment, has produced this clear-cut type in him, though the predisposition was in the person, the organism, itself — or in the early and more essential conditions of his child-life, which amounts to the same thing."

"I don't quite see that," I objected. "I know his elder brother, Lord Haughtown, who may be reserved and shy, but has no trace of truculence or assertiveness. The Consul is of well-established and ancient descent, and, starting with social recognition in his favour, had no need to cringe or to bully."

"Ah," Maxwell here cut in more eagerly, "that's just where you are mistaken. You see, though I am a true Briton, I have lived abroad so much and have entered so intimately into the lives of other nations that I can recognise more subtle influences, where

before early familiarity made perception impossible."

He had been leaning forward and talking rapidly, and now sat back in his chair, raised his forefinger with a gesture of emphatic deliberation, and, somewhat compressing his eyes with a look of critical accuracy as he gazed at me, he continued:

"Mind you, I admit that our system of primogeniture, and the consequent social descent *seriatim* from the peer to the commoner, have in our country counteracted the isolation of the *noblesse*, and also the marked feeling of superiority and inferiority of definite classes. It has, in some respects, thus made us for centuries back, and by tradition now, the most democratic people of the world. But at the same time, this younger son of a peer, or, still more so, a lateral descendant of a great house (in contradistinction to the sons of some German baron or count, who are known as barons and counts

always), may be in danger of the snob disease in his social character which always threatens the parvenu. I mean that the assertiveness which is at the bottom of snobbishness, and which comes from the insecurity and dubiousness of social standing, may attack him, because his social advantages are not at once realised and recognised by all whom he meets."

"There is a good deal in what you say," I admitted. "I have often remarked such an effect, not only in the Irish descendant of remote kings, but in the immediate scion of some great house; and, now I think of it, I should expect it in the Consul."

"There was another predisposing cause of the 'organic' order in Leatherhead's case," said my friend, not heeding my remark. "It was the choice of his career. You were right in your astonishment that he should not have chosen the diplomatic career. As a matter of fact, he was in that service before.

"Now, with the predispositions of such a man, the diplomatic service is peculiarly dangerous for an Englishman. An Englishman is not *naturally* a courtier. Moreover, with centuries of parliamentary government, our court life has lost its importance and depth of significance. London is also too great and extensive a place to make court influence and court tone prevail. When, therefore, our young Englishman is thrown into the vortex of such life abroad, and through sympathy is affected by the tone surrounding him, he is not prepared to receive these impressions on the surface of his *morale*: they may then have a deeper and more lasting influence upon his character and consequently upon his social bearing. Add to this the attitude towards his travelling countrymen who may visit the town at which he is stationed, and you have another element of danger. He may have to present them at Court or to his own circles, or,

which is often the case, they may manifest a desire to be thus presented. It is thus his task to sum up at once the social status of his own countrymen whom he meets, and he endeavours to advance, or to meet their advances, from the very outset in a manner which should make future action easy and pleasant, without the possibility of bitterness or a 'scene.' If he has judgment, and a good heart at the bottom of his judgment, social sympathy and real sympathy, — in short, tact, — he will not blunder much in this direction. Moreover, if he has higher and deeper interests in life they will save him from being absorbed or deeply affected by this attitude with regard to people one meets — the 'social' aspect will retain its due proportion. But if he has not these qualities and interests his little soul will be eaten into, filled full with this degrading aspect of human life; he will not, as is the case with our best diplomats, develop into the

finest type of the man of the world, freed from British or other provinciality and narrowness, — but he becomes a snob — like Leatherhead."

As he spoke, though I was listening attentively, he had set me thinking. Many instances from my own experience, types of men, of social circles, of characteristic traits, passed vaguely along the outskirts of my attention, and formed the fore and back ground to the central picture which his account brought before my eyes.

He suddenly changed his attitude and his tone. "Now, as I warned you, this is only the more general groundwork in the clear-cut structure of the Consul's character. What turned the scales in his life was apparently more accidental. It was one act, seemingly trifling, in his life, and the consequences of this act, which fashioned his subsequent career and brought the germs or buds of his snobbishness to full and lasting flower and vitality.

"If you like I will tell you the story of Leatherhead, which consists of one incident. It is a moral story, fit for a school-book or a Sunday School, — no, rather for a school of adults who are learning in the constant apprenticeship of social life."

I begged him to relate it; and, having ordered some wine, and bringing some English tobacco, which he was longing for, from my rooms, we settled down in our corner beneath the overhanging palm-leaves, at some distance from the other tables, where visitors were chattering in all languages, and Maxwell began:

"About six years ago I was at Athenopolis, the capital of Roumagaria. There was a very pleasant, easy-going life there, the ruler himself being a sociable and charming man, the type of an English club-man; while with the Court, the diplomatic corps, some of the superior native families who had lived abroad, and some decent resident foreigners,

a very lively, united, and even interesting social circle had been formed. There were balls, smaller dances, musical evenings, picnics, and all forms of entertainment. Everybody knew everybody else; and there was no case in which one had to hesitate in asking people to meet each other because of some disagreement or quarrel.

"I was told that this state of affairs had not always existed; that, on the contrary, but a short time before, life had not only been tedious, but full of acrimony, petty enmities, and quarrels. The different sets had not merely crystallised naturally from inner affinity or outer similarity of tastes and occupations, but they had always been conscious of their setness and of their apartness from one another. And this isolation and solidarity of the sets, in their attitude towards one another, in no way implied or produced harmonious unity among the members of the sets them-

selves — as little as a state manifesting Chauvinistic antagonism in its foreign affairs is *therefore* peacefully united in its home life and internal policy. On the contrary, everybody hated and was jealous of everybody else. In short, it had been a beastly hole to live in, as my informant told me.

"As a student of the 'Sociology of the Surface' I was interested in the phenomenon, and was eager to discover the cause of such a marked and, as I was told, abrupt revolution for the good; and I began to make inquiries with a systematic and thorough energy worthy of a more important subject — in fact, in the same spirit as the naturalist or the scientific historian endeavours to trace back phenomena and events to their first causes.

"I had long ago come to the conclusion that historians, even great ones, had been misled by the results of Hegelianism and Darwinian evolution combined into what

has been called the historical method in attaching too great and too exclusive importance to the *Zeitgeist* and general broad movements as the causes of individual phenomena and of events in history — nay, even of the formation and development of individual character. And though I equally disbelieved in the 'biographical' conception of history, which obtrudes the personal gossipy interest — or inquisitiveness — until it stifles inquiry, and bedims the true world of events and things, I have still come to value more and more the supreme influence of *personality*, nay, of one person, in fashioning or modifying the world in which it acts. *Cherchez l'homme!* even more than *Cherchez la femme!* seemed to me one of the chief tasks of him who desired to grasp the course of social — even political — events, to account for a tradition established or surviving in an institution, or the tone in a set or larger circle or even a

town or a country. Nay, as a monarchist, I felt that the great justification of monarchy was the direct, concentrated, and facile power of a monarch to strike the key-note of taste and tone in the social life of a people and to direct (through the channels of fashion) the aspirations of society.

"All this professorial prelude is merely meant to inform you that I was prepared to look for the man or woman who was at the bottom of this agreeable change in the social life of Athenopolis, and my methodical search soon put me upon the right track.

"At first inquiring into the 'when,' into the actual moment, the turning-point in the life of this social community, I found all evidence pointing to the building of the Caucaso-Macedonian Railway as the exactly synchronous event. I was not astonished to find that this should mark such an epoch in the economical history of a country, which, after all, was small, with a limited

number of inhabitants and in a rudimentary state of commercial and economical prosperity. The employment of labourers, the importation of machinery, and with it foreign supplies and luxuries for the staff, affected not only the large number of indigenous peasantry from the villages throughout the whole country, who sought for and found employment, but even the merchants and small tradesmen all over the land,— not to mention the great impulse which the prospective opening out of the country, when once the railway was finished, produced in the mercantile and industrial world, as well as in the value of property in the capital and the adjoining seaport town.

"But what arrested my attention most was, that the change in the social life to which I have referred also corresponded exactly to the beginning of this enterprise. With this clue I at once hit upon *the* person, and my subsequent experience and inquiries entirely

confirmed my surmise. It was *one* man; and this man was an English engineer, the chief entrusted with the whole construction and organisation of the railway. The first dinner party followed by a ball which I attended at the British legation had made me acquainted with this man; and, though I did not know who he was (I thought he was first secretary of the legation), I at once realised that he was the heart and soul of the whole circle.

"No one would have been more astonished than Gordon himself, had he been told that he was the social reformer of Athenopolis.

"He was the third son of a Devonshire squire, who was a man of some property and of high standing in his county. His eldest brother had now succeeded to the estates; his second brother was in the army; while he was originally destined for the Church (an idea which he soon relinquished), then prepared for the bar, and finally chose the profession of an engineer. This career

of his choice made him absolutely happy, and this *at-one-ness* with the main occupation and duty of life had no doubt much to do with the expression and impression of brightness, cheerfulness, and mental health which beamed from him and at once penetrated those to whom he spoke with a sense of warm and happy comfort. Nay, his presence in a room seemed, like the fresh perfume of new-mown hay and sweet simple flowers, to permeate the whole atmosphere.

"He was a living instance of *mens sana in corpore sano.* I have never yet met so perfect an illustration of this desirable state. Over six feet in height and very muscular, he had been a leading athlete of the all-round class at his public school and at the University; he was a 'Varsity oar,' had his 'blue' in football, and 'put the weight' and 'threw the hammer' for the University; and though not much of a horseman (he was too big to buy a cheap mount and had not

enough money to get weight-carriers), he was an excellent shot. With all this he was a good scholar while at school, and, owing to his undisputed 'swelldom' as an athlete, he did much, as a musician and draughtsman, to bring music and drawing into fashion while he was the captain of the school. At Cambridge he had worked a good deal, considering how much time was absorbed by rowing and sports, and had succeeded in becoming a high wrangler — though, no doubt, those were wrong who maintained that, but for the attention he had given to athletics, he might have been senior wrangler. After much hesitation and self-questioning he at last decided upon the career of a civil engineer, as combining an active life in the open air — possibly of adventure — with the application of his studies and undoubted intellectual abilities; and in this career he had been eminently successful. He had done subordinate work for several years.

This had not only given him a good training in his profession, but had also taken him all over the world,—to India, South Africa, and South America, — and had developed his natural talent for dealing with people of all classes.

"Now, at the early age of thirty-three he had been entrusted, as chief engineer and business manager, with the important task and great responsibility of the construction of the Caucaso-Macedonian Railway, a work which he was now pushing forward with great energy and success, and with which no social attractions were allowed to interfere. It was this earnestness (to use this good English, but unfortunately hackneyed word) which no doubt underlay the respect which always accompanied the fondness of his friends and acquaintances. The secretaries and *attachés* of legations, the *jeunesse dorée* as well as the *vieillesse d'or*, attracted by the similarity of tastes which brought them together, felt the contrast between his life

and their more idle, unproductive, or unsystematic lives, and were unconsciously impressed, at times even intimidated, by it — though he, on his part, had managed to keep it in its proper place, and never to obtrude it to the discomfort of the idle and the evocation of unfavourable comparison.

"Here, too, firmness of purpose and life system strengthened tact. He had quietly, and without assertion, or rolling-up of sleeves, subdivided his life of work and play, so that they never interfered with one another and suggested out-of-placeness. Until three o'clock in the afternoon it was well known and understood that he was not to be seen. During these hours he worked incessantly at his office and finished his day's work without worry and fussiness; and when this was done he took his exercise, paid his visits, and was quite free for social enjoyment the whole afternoon and evening.

"The silent influence which this bright per-

sonality was thus to exercise had been prepared for and made easy by the enthusiastic praise which young Hargood, the second secretary of the British legation, had lavished upon him before his arrival at Athenopolis. And as Hargood had been the most popular and *répandu* man there, it paved the way for a cordial reception and a favourable predisposition when he did arrive. Hargood had been his fag at school and had carried his warm admiration for him through the University into after life.

"In spite of what I have just said, people are also critically predisposed when they meet a person whose praises have been sung before they have seen him, and they then resent his shortcomings with reactionary intolerance. But when the reality comes up to, and even surpasses, their expectations, admiration and the gratified, nay, grateful, sense of hope realised warm them to increased friendliness and affection.

"Now you can understand how this sunny nature, bursting in upon the perturbed and cloudy horizon of a provincial society, should cause the mist of discontent to roll away and make the landscape below appear bright, peaceful, and cheery.

"Shortly after his arrival everybody agreed in praising him; and the fact that an engineer was a new and mysterious vocation to them, which they never associated with social amenities, intensified this surprise and satisfaction. But if surprise had summarised their emotions, the effect would not have lasted. The great point was, that they were right in admiring, and that surprise was thus gradually raised and merged into its older and nobler sister-emotion — admiration.

"It may have been his versatility and social facility, together with his fine appearance, which made him popular. But I believe that his influence was derived from

the genuine kindness and goodness which covered, though it was well grounded in, his firmness and strength of character. He insisted — without manifest insistence — upon only seeing the good in people and things. The faults and scandals, when they had to be seen, appealed to his humourous side, and he would naturally point to this, causing people to laugh them away, and frequently to laugh at themselves.

"It was thus that he became essential to the social life of the place. No entertainment seemed complete and fully *en train* if he was not there; while in the more intimate relations of this life, lighter and graver matters were often referred to him, in settling which he never assumed the attitude of a Solomonian judge or arbiter.

"There were two points in Gordon which went far to favour, if not to produce, the influence which he exercised. The first favourable element was the fact that his

work and career were foreign to the class among which he lived, so that there was no possibility of professional jealousy; while the fact that, though he was *in*, he was not *of*, their set and life, made them overcome all reticence with him, and enable him to give a neutral and disinterested, though none the less sympathetic smoothing touch to all difficulties.

"The other point was of greater importance. Gordon had the quality of a leader of men, which implies not only the power of rapid arrangement, coördination, and subordination of facts and motives, — the power of invention, organisation, and direction, — but a power of self-effacement at certain points. And as this was at the bottom of his success in the more serious work of his career, so it also made him the uncrowned king of this little social world.

"His fertile and facile faculty of suggesting all forms of entertainment, of getting out

of a difficulty and of tiding over a *contre-temps* was used gracefully, his suggestions were thrown out lightly at the proper time and to the proper persons, and then the matter was left in their hands. He never became the social 'leader of cotillons,' the man who is in evidence in small matters. He thus avoided any appeal to petty rivalry and jealousy among the men, while he maintained among all the character of a serious and dignified man.

"More efficient than all, as underlying this line of conduct, was the fact that it was the outcome of a natural instinct and true impulse in a well-balanced and unselfish nature, and did not spring from direct thought or policy.

"I hope you can understand how such a man should gain the ear and the heart of people, and should by himself modify the tone of the society among which he lives.

"A real jovial tone of *camaraderie* was

further infused into Athenopolis society by the entertainments given at the headquarters of the railway itself.

"Gordon had grouped around him a number of engineers and assistants of varied types and attainments, but all good, nice fellows. He had made it a primary condition before accepting the post that he should have the final decision in the appointment of his subordinates. And he had thus collected a band of excellent Englishmen about him, some of whom were men of real refinement and culture. They formed a compact body, in which, with a warm *esprit de corps*, Gordon was recognised as the absolute chief. They were all deeply attached to him.

"So pronounced was this corporate feeling that on several occasions Gordon had to exert himself to counteract among his men a combative spirit of opposition to the rest of Athenopolis society. This was especially

evoked when they considered their standing or their claims to recognition, above all in the person of their chief, slighted. They winced at seeing Gordon seated below the youngest secretary of legation, the result of the official etiquette of the place.

"Gordon took a purely common-sense view of such matters, and laughed away their unimportance. He said that in heaven, he had no doubt, Thompson, by thirty years his senior, would certainly sit at the head of the table, not he. But he and they respected Thompson and his grey hair and noble heart none the less for holding the lieutenancy to his captaincy. And so he succeeded in smoothing out the ruffles in their feelings.

"Among these men there were several who sang well. Of an evening they would practise glees and comic songs, while a good pianist and violinist provided more serious music. After music, somebody would sit

down at the piano, and they would have impromptu dances. They had even given a performance of 'nigger-minstrels' and a general variety entertainment, which was so successful that, for the benefit of a charitable institution, they had repeated it in public. The reputation of the amusing evenings in Gordon's house had reached the palace; and the family of the ruling prince were anxious to join the party. On several occasions they had honoured the engineers with their company, assuring Gordon afterwards that they had rarely enjoyed anything so much; which was no doubt true, considering their life of slowness and dulness coupled with formality.

"A new element was added to the hospitality of Gordon's house with the arrival of his mother. As Gordon's personality had always kept the joviality within bounds, the presence of this dear old lady did not modify the tone in this respect. But it

added a certain touch of domesticity and of kindly grace and dignity; while the internal arrangements of the household were inspired with a sense of orderliness which no bachelor's home can acquire fully. Her presence was the final death-blow to the gossiping and scandal-mongering tone which had prevailed in the Pre-Gordonian period of Athenopolis. No gossip was heard here: the *tripotages* which were the staple of the former life were banished; nor did anybody dare to make doubtfully witty and over-gallant allusions in the presence of this English matron.

"Without being of the prudish order, she still had an atmosphere of the quiet and clean English country house about her — a sense of spotless crisp linen, neither loose-tissued homespun or soft serge, nor stiff broadcloth, nor rich velvet or brocades or shiny satin.

"Mother and son differed most in that she

was wanting in that keen sense of humour which was so striking a feature in him. Though she had much fun in her and could laugh heartily at some good-natured pleasantry or a truly comic situation, her moral and religious bias was so strong that it precluded the lighter power of ignoring the ever-present 'ought to be' in favour of the full perception of contrasts, the simple relish of unexpected drolleries in actual life, without any thought of altering and improving, — all of which is essential to humour. He had no doubt inherited his earnestness from her; but other qualities must have come from his father, or some other ancestor, perhaps from his early education or later training.

"There was one point in which his own sense of humour forsook him — in his regard and sensitiveness for his mother. He could never consider her with the unpreoccupied equanimity essential to humour. He was

in no way sensitive or self-conscious where he alone was concerned. He never expected a slight or an affront, nor did he claim or crave for special attention. It is this self-conscious craving which disturbs the sensitive mind, and in its turn produces the pangs of neglect. His natural dignity always accompanied his kindly affability, and he was the last man whom anybody would dream of snubbing. Hence the freedom and total absence of shyness in him.

"Since the arrival of his mother, however, a careful observer might have noticed a slight constraint and an occasional expectant anxiety in him. He seemed to watch the manner in which she was approached or received, and he appeared on the alert to resent any encroachment upon the respect due to her. His greatest delight was to watch her in the company of young people, especially girls. The young ladies of Athenopolis were all drawn to her, they

worshipped her, as she loved young girls. They made a confidant of her, and were always about her, showing her every attention. Thus the Gordon house became a centre for young girls, who came freely, a state of affairs hitherto unheard of in Athenopolis. Still more uncommon was the fact that it led to no gossipy comment.

"Mrs. Gordon's stay at Athenopolis was drawing to an end. A short visit to her boy had been prolonged by months in response to his urgent entreaties, in which all his friends joined him, and the assurance that she was essential to his comfort and well-being. But now she had really to return to her English home and to her other 'children.'

"And now I am coming back to Leatherhead, whose story you wished to know. I have bored you with a long preamble. But I could not convey to you the important bearings of a comparatively trivial event

upon the life of the Consul without bringing home to you, in a halting and imperfect manner, the other chief actor in the incident and the *milieu* in which it took place. Now for Leatherhead's rudeness:

"On a beautiful warm spring afternoon, about six years ago, Gordon had driven his mother and an English friend of the family who was staying with them to the 'Fair Waters,' the favourite drive of the Athenopolis *beau monde*. Between three and five all the town walked, rode, or drove along the road, planted with a fine avenue of trees, to this lovely little park, — if one could call it so, — with shady walks and seats by the side of the pretty little stream, quite an oasis in this parched country.

"This was the Park and the Row and the Bois de Boulogne of Athenopolis, and it was here that everybody met everybody else.

"Gordon and his party had left their carriage on the road and had seated themselves on a bench by the stream in the shade of a plane-tree, at a short distance from which a foot-path wound its way between shrubs and trees. Most of the promenaders who passed near the bench bowed to Gordon and his mother, and some came up to exchange a few words of greeting. All these Gordon or his mother presented to their guest.

"He was not only a school-fellow of Gordon's, but was the son of a dear friend of Mrs. Gordon. His name was Huntley, and he was a Fellow and Tutor of one of the Oxford colleges.

"Presently they saw, advancing along the path, Leatherhead with the pretty Countess Ribera, the wife of the Spanish Minister. She was an attractive and flighty little person, and Leatherhead had been paying marked attention to her. They were always seen together. Huntley seemed interested

in her, especially as his brother was at the British Embassy at Madrid; and when he had heard her name he was anxious to make her acquaintance, as his brother was a friend of her family and often spoke of the evenings he spent at their house.

"Mrs. Gordon, in whom the desire to be of service in any form was a predominant feature, at once proposed to make him acquainted with her. Gordon felt a certain discomfort, almost a foreboding, and said hastily:

"'We shall meet them at the legation this evening; there is no use in talking to them now.'

"Of all the people in Athenopolis, Leatherhead was the one he liked least — in fact, he had to overcome a strong prejudice against him to be at all civil. As it was, he avoided familiarity or intimacy as much as possible.

"Leatherhead and the countess were walking with books in their hands, into which

they were every now and then looking, and then would talk to one another. When they drew near to the Gordons they chose the right-hand bifurcation of the path, which ran behind the bench, at a greater distance from it than the straight one, which passed close to and in front of the seat.

"Gordon was momentarily relieved when he saw this manœuvre; but his anxiety was intensified when he saw his mother rise from her seat and, turning to her guest, say:

"'Come, Mr. Huntley, we'll catch them there.' With this she stepped on the grass and, lifting her skirts, advanced towards the path which the couple were pursuing. The ground was rough and her advance, half a walk, half a run, irregular. She had lifted her skirts rather high, and she wore heelless black list shoes, with elastic sides, and white stockings.

"She was so intent upon her purpose of giving pleasure to her guest that she did

not hear or heed her son's 'Dear mother, please don't' — and she trotted on.

"At this moment Gordon could not help perceiving the grotesqueness of the old lady's appearance (generally so dignified), as she walked on rapidly with uneven gait, Huntley trying to maintain some dignity in his long stride, and it pained him deeply — he almost felt that he was committing filial sacrilege in at all perceiving this.

"It all tended to make his senses keenly on the alert, and gave him something like second sight. He afterwards almost believed that he had realised the whole scene before it happened. At all events, he felt convinced that he heard in his ear what Leatherhead rapidly whispered to his companion when he had looked up and seen the old lady advance.

"'There comes Gordon's old bore of a mother. Just leave her to me. You'll see how I'll get rid of her.'

"Gordon followed reluctantly, increasing his pace as he saw his mother near them.

"They did not take their eyes from their books, even though they could not possibly pretend any longer not to see her.

"When the old lady was close to them, followed by Huntley, the Countess looked up from her book, and, without extending her hand, she bowed and smiled in a stiff and awkward manner.

"Mrs. Gordon, who was panting for breath with her rapid advance, was just saying:

"'My dear Countess, I have brought'— when Leatherhead, who had studiously kept his eyes in his book, at last looked up, bowing coldly and slightly, and, with a hard voice, he said slowly and distinctly:

"'The Countess is good enough to give me a Spanish lesson;' and with this he again looked in his book and walked on, saying over his shoulder to the Countess, 'We really must not lose the thread, Countess; come on.'

"The tone of voice and the whole manner were absolutely withering with their deliberate, cold, strong distinctness and emphasis.

"The old lady at last perceived she was *de trop*, and, as if struck in the face with the rude blow, stood in helpless misery, while she grew pale. Mr. Huntley was quite red in the face and stood in awkward helplessness."

"And Gordon" —

"He had arrived in time to hear and see Leatherhead's affront to his mother. For the moment, his muscles contracted for a bound forward to knock him down there and then. But the Countess stood between him and the brute, who had sent his slug-shot from the side of his companion while they were already both moving forward, looking over his shoulder past the Countess in the direction of the old lady.

"Gordon stood transfixed. What was he to do? The thoughts rushed rapidly through his brain, though he felt faint; but, with that

clearness which marked his action throughout, he realised that to make a great scene in public, in the presence of his mother and of other people who were near, was impossible.

"Mrs. Gordon had now turned and grew still more distressed when she saw her son and the plight he was in. All other feelings vanished in her anxiety for him.

"'Dear Richard, you are not well,' she said with faltering voice.

"'No, he certainly does not look well,' said Huntley, who was the first to regain his self-possession. 'Come on, old fellow,' he urged, taking his arm, and thus he led away mother and son.

"As the three drove home they did not speak a word, and each was wrapt in his own thoughts, which were seething with the turmoil of the late commotion.

"Old Mrs. Gordon cast anxious and sorrowful glances at her son. The hot indignation against the brutal offenders was almost for-

gotten in her worry at his distress; and with it came a sickening sense of self-reproach, that she had been the cause of all this. She now began to remember his opposition to her advances; she clearly recalled and realised what merely struck her ear without penetrating to her attention before, namely, the anxious beseeching tone in which he had twice implored her not to go: and she could hardly refrain from weeping with a sense of impotent regret, self-reproach, and self-abasement. The general mood which came to her so often and filled her bright old age with deep melancholy, which only the constant demonstrative assurances of her children could counteract, — the consciousness that she was a hindrance rather than a help to the younger generation, — seemed to enwrap and dull the memory of the definite sharp pain she had just felt, and to intensify her general mood, causing it to permeate her whole soul.

"Huntley, though at first muttering 'The brute!' again and again between his teeth, soon fell under the sway of his theoretical bias; and, as an historian, and one interested in the different customs of countries, he was pursuing in his mind the difference between French and English manners, and was realising how a Frenchman with the same moral nature as Leatherhead would have acted: how his formal politeness, the grace of his bow, and the phrases he would use would take the dull thick thud and the awful stun from the affront. He reflected how useful training in surface politeness was to replace the refinement and education of the heart, the absence of which, in a coarse Englishman, made him blunder into exaggerated cruelty, which made him appear even more heartless than he really was.

"Gordon himself sat immovable. Gradually, however, the worried and distressed look of his face seemed to make way for a

clearer expression, without dispelling the fixed frown. On the contrary, with the increasing light in his expression, the serious and fixed gaze became more set, the lips were more firmly pressed together, and the calmness was one of combative resolution. But the normal colour returned; and his anxious mother was much relieved when, upon reaching their house, he helped her out of the carriage and said in his natural voice, 'Come on, mammie dear!' an expression he only used in high good humour.

"Without saying anything more, he led her to her room, opened her bedroom door, kissed her, and said: 'Now take a good rest.' He then turned from her and went to his study.

"Here he at once sat down deliberately and calmly and wrote a note, which he addressed and sealed quietly, rang for his servant, and said: 'Take this to the British legation at once.'

"The note merely expressed his regret that

both he and Mrs. Gordon were unable to keep their engagement at the legation that evening. He gave no reason.

"He then wrote several more notes begging off the engagements he had incurred elsewhere for the coming days.

"The next day his friend Hargood, of the British legation, called and had it out with him; but he soon found that he wasted his energy in trying to mollify Gordon, who expressed his fixed determination not to go anywhere where he was likely to meet Leatherhead.

"Then followed a letter from Leatherhead in which, in his own name and that of the Countess Ribera, he apologised for their unintentional rudeness to Mrs. Gordon—'They were so much engrossed in their occupation of teaching and learning Spanish that it caused them for once to forget the respect and deep regard which they ought to feel, and felt, for Mrs. Gordon.'

"Gordon's answer to this was short and decisive. He had communicated, he said, the contents of the letter to Mrs. Gordon, who accepted their apologies. He himself, however, found it desirable never to know or to meet people who were capable of such actions; and he regretted to have to reply that he wished to discontinue the acquaintance with Mr. Leatherhead. He was glad to find that, as the Countess Ribera was not a man, Mr. Leatherhead's writing in her name relieved him from the painful necessity of writing to her in the same strain.

"Gordon was not seen at any of the houses where he had before been a constant guest, and the matter began to be talked about. But as yet it was only the rumbling preceding the outbreak of a storm.

"It was then that the British Minister himself called on Gordon. They were very fond of each other, and the older man was one of Mrs. Gordon's most devoted ad-

mirers. On this occasion he came with his arms full of flowers for her, and he at first paid her a visit in the morning, asking, with many apologies, to be allowed to break in upon the working-hours of her son. Of course he did not mention a word of the affair or the object of the morning call to the mother.

"He was not only a thorough man of the world, but he was a man of both deep and refined feelings; and he very soon realised that the mission which he had undertaken was not to be successful, and he thus desisted from further pressure. He had begun shyly to refer to the incident with the deep regret which it caused him, and Gordon had at once helped him to talk of it quite freely. When he proposed his plan, that he would now ask Mrs. Gordon to receive Leatherhead and the Countess, who wished to call on her and make their personal apologies, Gordon cut in with a quiet,

decided tone, and showed him the futility of such an attempt.

"'I have thought it all over maturely,' Gordon had said, 'and I have come to a conclusion and an absolute decision. Let me make it clear to you.

"'You see it is not only the *insult* it is the *act* that guides me in my judgment and conduct. The insult can, and ought to be, forgiven when an apology is made; but an act emanating from rational and responsible beings cannot be forgotten or ignored as an index to their character.

"'I can only say to you that I do not wish to know or to be in the same room with a man capable of such brutality and cruelty. I feel convinced that had I been a mere witness to such an affront offered to a stranger I should have felt the same repugnance to meeting him, a revulsion which I could hardly overcome, — almost like physical disgust which produces nausea.

"'Now, you may say that one has frequently in life to overcome one's feelings of discomfort, and to meet people who bore or even disgust one, — that society could not get on if each one of us manifested his personal aversions in so effective and exclusive a manner.

"'But here is the main stumbling-block to my meeting Leatherhead again, because the general social as well as the personal view of the matter points in the same direction. If I believed that society could not get on if everybody acted as I propose to act in this case I should overcome my personal repugnance, and meet Leatherhead. But that is just what I do not believe. I believe, on the contrary, that society cannot get on properly unless we all do resent such actions in a consistent and decisive manner.

"'It is very difficult for me to explain myself, and I do not know whether you will follow me. Please do not think me a

pedantic dreamer, a prig, from what I am now saying. But I hold that we are bound to take a broad, general, and impersonal view of our actions at times, in cases when our natural feelings and ordinary habits of decent life leave us in doubt as to what is right. We must then take the broader social aspect and bearings of our actions. If we do not do this we shall be guided merely by selfishness or personal, irrational impulse. I suppose every decent man has, deep down in him, a *general* desire to do the right thing — is made to feel at times that he is an agent, however small an individual, a mite, in the great machinery of human welfare, nay, of the world's harmony. Well, it is then that he takes a moral, nay, a religious view of even the slightest daily acts, and that he becomes conscious of the broader lines of conduct which it is right for him to pursue.

"'If he is always in this mood — and it is

therefore I gave up the vocation of a clergyman as an abnormal occupation in life — it leads to moral emasculation. If he is constantly resting on his oars and looking about at the direction he is rowing in, watching the banks at the side, fidgetting and fussing with his oar or the interior fittings of the boat itself, he makes no headway. On the other hand, if he does not look about, without and within, at all, or if he looks once at the start, and then rows ahead complacently, doggedly, and obstinately (a line which, under the self-gratifying and inflating term of "principles," causes so much discomfort and misery), he will often run into the bank and into other boats, causing disaster and ruin all around. Now, the only right way is to row steadily and vigorously on, and to give occasional, quite occasional, glances (slight side-glances will often suffice) ahead, at the sides, and within, to see how he is going, and to determine the proper course.

"'Well, I have been looking about and within, owing to the Leatherhead incident, and I have been confirmed in what I felt but vaguely before, in moments of social circumspection and introspection. The decalogue of old and our modern laws, criminal and otherwise, have taken in hand the grosser offences against human society: and our social tradition enforces the preventive ostracism of the law. But there are other offences, which a highly-developed and complicated social life has produced with its advance and refinement, and with which, in their delicate intricacy, neither the decalogue nor the law can deal.

"'These we have to care for ourselves; and a well-organised society must develop its unwritten code to counteract such offences. The law deals with the murderer and thief, with the man who basely steals another man's wife, and society confirms the action of the law by the exclusion of such members

from its highest circles. We even ostracise the man who cheats at cards. But we do not yet punish the man who, in rapidly acquiring great wealth, has passed through a moment, however short, in which he might have lost, not only his own money, but that of many other persons who trusted him, or — the man who wounds to the quick the dignity and self-respect of a fellow-being, as Leatherhead wounded my mother.

"'Now, not only do I consider the brutal manner of that man's offence inconsistent with anything approaching to a beautiful soul, possessed of healthy social feeling, so that the ugliness and deformity are repulsive to me and make me shrink from contact, but I also think it indicative of what is harmful to society, and I think society ought to be protected against it. Therefore, I never wish to meet Mr. Leatherhead again.'

"The Minister, whom I saw that afternoon, and who repeated to me the conversation he

had had with Gordon, assured me that he had never been moved so deeply by any sermon, and that it had shown him a new side in Gordon, the deeper religious side, which his practical acumen, his social brightness and brilliancy, had never led him to expect before.

"Soon the whole of Athenopolis society, becoming aware of the absence of Gordon, though they still flocked to his house, talked of nothing else but the rudeness of Leatherhead.

"The engineers, resenting the insult to their chief, retired in a body from the society of the town; and, being naturally joined by a group of scientific and other residents, were forming a circle of their own, which promised to be more interesting and amusing than the leading set.

"Moreover, Gordon, who was a personal friend of the Marshal of the Court, had begged him to ask the Prince not to have

him invited to the dinner given to the British legation, which he knew was soon to follow, and which he would have to attend, meeting Leatherhead. Accordingly, Gordon, his mother, and some of the engineers were asked to a separate dinner at Court, together with some other interesting people, which gave still further cause for comment.

"You can readily perceive how impossible a person Leatherhead became in Athenopolis. Even if he had not soon been recalled and transferred to another post, his life would have been unbearable to him.

"But the effects of this one incident did not lose themselves with Leatherhead's departure, neither upon his career nor — his character.

"Give a dog a bad name! Wherever he went, his story had preceded him. No doubt it spread about from Athenopolis. Huntley, too, who travelled a good deal and

was *répandu* in England, did not make a secret of it, and must have communicated it to his brother, who was in the diplomatic service. In short, wherever Leatherhead went he made a bad start; and his undoubted shortcomings became obtrusively apparent to all those whom he approached. The absence of natural amiability in his nature, or of prominent power in his work, would have kept him as an ordinary diplomatic official in the rank and file of the service. But he was heavily handicapped, and, what is more, his character, and in consequence his manners, were disastrously affected by it all.

"You see, the predominant element which had made it possible for him to commit the 'rudeness' might have been defined as *caddishness;* the *snob* element was not yet fully and prominently developed, and still lay dormant in its strong potentiality. It now became the leading feature in him, when the

element of *consciousness* — consciousness of his social position, advantages, and shortcomings in their relation to and in comparison with those of others — was added to the coarser feelings of the cad in him.

"When on leave in England he had become engaged to a young lady for whom he had a passionate affection. It therefore became important to him to advance in his career. The agricultural depression had then begun, and his own income had suffered with that of his brother's. All this meant that, whereas he had been able formerly to maintain a comparatively independent attitude, he now felt the great craving to get on, to make his career. While the boy and the man who, from childhood up, are impressed with the fact that the success of their life depends upon their own exertions, develop the faculty of working and striving as a well-grounded trait of their character, producing ennobling energy and self-repression,

he felt this as a new impulse and was educationally unprepared for it — he was also a *parvenu* in the world of striving. His natural clumsiness and awkwardness did not allow this eagerness to take more refined channels and methods; and he thus became the pusher, the '*struglifer*' who was manifestly and obtrusively on the alert for all that might advance his career. Especially in the social world he could not suppress this eagerness: and this, combined with the previous more or less latent tendencies in him, contributed to make his manner in the world simply disgusting and repulsive.

"Thus, the more he desired advancement, the more he wished to marry, the less did his actions lead to success: and it happened that on two or three occasions he was passed over when his juniors received promotion. At the same time, the depression in the rents of his brother's estates having reached a ruinous stage, which had cut down his own

income still further, he at last decided to exchange, and to transfer himself and his wife (for he could then marry) to the consular service. And this downward step in his career tended to develop still further the snob *pur sang* which you have so readily recognised after meeting him here.

"But I venture to believe that, though only such a man could have acted in just such a manner as he did to Mrs. Gordon, the reacting effect of this one incident tended to confirm all the bad elements in him.

"Now you see what a moral story this is —

> " 'So, Willie, let me and you be wipers
> Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!'

"And now it is time for me to go. You have been kept up long enough."

Maxwell rose and stretched himself; but I was still wrapt in thought, and could not help asking him a further question.

"I know your story is ended, and there is nothing more to relate," I said; "but I

should like to know what you think about a further problem which suggests itself to me. If Gordon had realised all the consequences in the life of Leatherhead to which you referred as arising out of his Athenopolis ostracism, what do you think he would have felt, and what would he have done?"

Maxwell sat down again, leaned his elbows on the table, and thought for a minute or two.

"Well, it is hard to tell. Of one thing I am quite certain: that he would have been intensely miserable. I know he would even have gone out of his way to help him with money or in any other way, including much personal sacrifice; but, as to his action" — and here he hesitated, with a puzzled expression in his face. And then, suddenly:

"Yes, I do know what he would have done. He would have done exactly the same over again — not with any sense of

personal vindictiveness; as, I need hardly tell you, there was nothing of the revengeful 'doing for' Leatherhead in his action. But you see, in the first place, Gordon was a man in whom the *general*, the *abstract* duties had singular and direct power of moral motive. I know that in several other aspects of his life he repressed the loud claims of self-indulgence purely because of some general abstract idea of duty, which would hardly have affected or stimulated others to action against natural desire.

"Moreover, I remember his telling me once, when talking about his work and profession, that nothing gave him more pain and caused him more misery than having to send away an employee; that this had been the chief source of pain in the work which he loved. But when he realised that a workman or a superior member of the staff was incompetent, or that his influence was baneful, he sent him away at

once. 'For, you see,' he said, 'I have realised that, with so large a number of men, discipline, good tradition, and spirit (which mean so *very* much) can only be maintained by vigorous weeding-out of bad ones. With a bleeding heart I have had to be firm.'

"I heard from one of his men that he often paid considerable sums out of his own pocket to help one he had dismissed to tide over the time until he could find other employment.

"Such a man, I believe, would have acted in exactly the same way to a Leatherhead, however much pain he might have felt at the results of his action."

A HOMBURG STORY

I

CAMPBELL was late in going to the Elisabethenbrunnen Promenade on a fine August morning. It was half-past eight o'clock; throngs of people were already leaving the promenade, hastening home in pleasant anticipation of their coffee and rusks, for which their hour and a half's walk had thoroughly prepared them. Some of the ladies were carrying large bunches of beautiful roses with which an attentive friend had presented them; some stopped on their way up at the little tables with pleasant girls behind them and bought jars of golden honey which they carried in their hands. Health-giving Aurora had kissed their brows with her rosy lips in reward of their early rising, and had dispelled from them the furrows which the cares and toils or dissipations of

a London, Paris, or Berlin season had drawn in them.

Campbell had been touched by the pleasant "good morning" and bright smile of one of these fair-faced honey-girls, and had told her once that he regretted greatly that he did not care for honey. "Oh, that makes no difference," she had said; and he got his smile and greeting whenever he passed.

He nodded to his many friends as he walked hastily to the Brunnen, bowed more formally to the Prince of Gallia, who shouted "lazy straggler" at him, and reached the wells where he asked for his glass of "*half-warm*" waters from one of the girls who move about busily in the circular enclosure of the fountain. He was greeted with a cheery shout from a tall, lanky, boyish-looking man of about thirty, with a keen face and bright eyes in which shrewdness and good nature, seriousness of purpose and childish frivolity, were struggling for the upper hand;

while all were overborne by the predominant clamour of over-strung and uncontrollable nerves.

"Remember you are dining with us this evening," he said, as he shook Campbell's hand.

"Where and when is it?" asked Campbell. "I must confess I had almost forgotten. Verbal invitations and our confused meetings bring one into a hopeless state of muddle as regards engagements here."

"At the Kurhaus, at seven forty-five. Do be punctual, because we are going to the dance afterwards. Oh, course you are coming to the dance, aren't you? My wife wants you to dance with her, and there will be some pretty girls. I'm sure you can dance as well as any of these fools here. Fellows with brains can do anything they want to do. That's my conviction. Am I not right? You see" —

And he was going to rush off into one

of his wild theories, which, exaggerated as they were, always had some remarkable and original point. They pulled one up sharp and made one think: at first with a spirit of opposition, and, when this had worn off, with a reconciled agreement, after one became accustomed to the humourous side of his tendency to exaggerate. Campbell, though he had a keen sense of humour, had inherited from his Scotch ancestors a fund of seriousness, which often made him feel irritated with the slovenly and slipshod thought and expression of his American friend, whom he liked much, and for whose wife he had a deep regard and admiration verging upon affection.

"Don't let's talk philosophy early in the morning on nothing but a glass of Elisabethenbrunnen in an empty stomach," Campbell interrupted him. "I want to know about the dance. Is it one of the *réunions?*"

"Why, no! Don't you know? It's a

subscription dance got up by that crowd of the Herberts and Lane and Hobhouse, and that lot of fellows. Oh, I forgot that you have only just come. They're great fun, those dances. They're immense. You must come. You just ask one of those fellows — or I'll ask for you."

"Don't trouble about that. I shall see one of the promoters in the course of the day and get a ticket. I want to dance with Mrs. Hewson. She's the best dancer I know. I've got to that stage of the mature dancing man when an indifferent partner gives as much pain as a good one gives pleasure."

Hewson had not been listening to Campbell's last remarks and was evidently puzzling over something that he wanted to put emphatically.

"But there is something that makes me so mad," he suddenly burst out, "that it spoils my pleasure in the dance. You know

women are all mean and petty and that kind of thing. We all know that, and there is no use humbugging about it. But what I hate to see is men giving way to it. I hate to see men act like women, don't you?"

"I can't exactly agree to all your general statements. Had you not better tell me the particular case you have in mind?"

"Well, those women have made a dead set against three nice girls who are here. They want to keep them out, and they are doing it. And they have got the men to play into their hands, so that the three girls have had tickets refused them."

"That is indeed the kind of thing I hate, either in man or woman, — unless there be some justification. Is there anything of the kind in the case of these three women? Are they fast, or vulgar, or pushing?"

"Nothing of the kind, my dear fellow. They are charming and well bred, and I should say, reserved, — so that I can't see

how they should have put themselves in a position to be snubbed that way. They are very pretty and dress very well — no doubt that counts strongly against them with the women. But the real reason is that they are Jewesses; that they are of the great race to which our Saviour belonged, and to which we owe the Bible. It is all common rot, and makes me tired!"

Campbell stopped walking and his friend had to follow suit. He had become quite serious now, and there was an expression of contempt and anger in his face as he said:

"I agree with you heartily, my dear Hewson. I have never agreed with you more completely. That is indeed hateful as regards the women, and despicable as regards the men. I know such things are done. But we have, thank heavens, been spared this genus of vulgarity in England — though we have many developments of the species. I have come to Homburg many years and I

have never seen it show its vile head here. That's something quite new; and you must pardon me if I suspect that it is not an English importation, but has been introduced by the American section of our English-speaking community."

"Of course you are right," Hewson assented. "I know the American crowd that introduced it; they are my friends and relations; but they are most of them Englishmen who gave way to them. That's what beats me. I know all about the women, and don't bother about that. They have got mean ways; but as" —

And here he interrupted himself and turned to Campbell with a deprecatory and pleading manner. "Now, please don't mind the early hour and the Elisabethenbrunnen and talk sense to me. You are a fellow that thinks, and I can't talk sense to all those fools. I have often been puzzling over a thing, and you can solve it for me. Why

do good Christian women try to hurt each other, to wound in the most sensitive spot of pride; and why do freeborn American women try that kind of 'society' game on, more than any others?"

Campbell himself had been walking on, looking before him on the ground, his brow knit, manifestly thinking keenly on something that must have stirred deeper thoughts and associations in him. He raised his head, and said to Hewson, with a changed, deliberate manner:

"You ask me two questions, Hewson, which interest me much, and on which I have thought a good deal. One is of a universal nature, the other of a special national aspect, on which, surely, you are a better authority than I am."

"No, I'm not. I've not lived in America since I was a boy who never thought. You are a man of experience and observation, and you have travelled in America as a sympa-

thetic observer, which enables you to judge of certain matters better than Americans themselves can. Please tell me what you think."

"Well," said Campbell deliberately, "the first general question may help to answer the second. As to why people do these cruel things, there are several reasons — or rather causes; for they are rarely conscious of them, unless they are really bad people. In the first place, we all have in us the survivals of the instincts of prehistoric man, of the man-animal. And, in spite of the instinct of love and friendly intercourse,— the gregarious social instinct,— we have, as carnivorous, hunting animals, the remains of cruelty which you will find in all animals, the delight in hurting, in giving pain, which in man is perhaps increased and refined by pleasure in the consciousness of power. The child that teases an animal or pinches another child and then coos with delight is an in-

stance of this. The weaker and more timid the animal, the more cruel is it. With human beings it certainly is so; perhaps because the weaker ones have a stronger craving for the feeling of power which they rarely enjoy, and also, as they are unaccustomed to such strong emotional food, they have less moderation. That is one reason why women are often more cruel than men; another being that they are the more emotional of the two, and therefore have their passions less under the control of reason."

"Oh, that's immense! You just say the kind of things I've been thinking about and can't express. I wish I could express things as you can. I feel them all, but I can't put them into words. My education was all muffed. That's where you've got the pull over me." He was excited, with his clear eyes glaring at Campbell, and he suddenly took his arm and dragged him forward. "Go on, go on," he said.

"Well, the hunting of the prehistoric man, the chief life-interest upon which he expended his energy, is for the modern average lady 'society' so-called. It is here that she satisfies her natural craving for action and self-realisation. I know this is a barbarous word: but this outer realisation of our self, of our individuality, is, in its various forms, one of the leading impulses to action and exertion. This leads to ambition. And the ambition of women who have no profession or predominant intellectual or moral interest in life, or who do not fulfil that high and noble function of being model wives, mothers of children whom they educate, and mistresses of a household over which they preside,— the ambition of such women lies within 'society' in the restricted sense of that term. It is here they wish to shine, to rise to a high position.

"Now, this 'society' has its origin in positive causes which are good, or it springs

from negative impulses which are bad. The positive basis I should call natural social selection or differentiation; the negative element is exclusion or exclusiveness. The positive, which leads to selection, is grounded on a refined taste, and calls for the exertion of strength and independence of character and truthful consistency of conduct. It thus tends to ennoble the individual and to elevate society — in the wider sense; it is based upon love and liberty. The negative side, which makes for exclusion and exclusiveness, leads to the consciousness of one's own security and social advantages, to pride and exultation, to envy or the malignant realization of the disadvantages of others, — it is based upon hate and servility. The one looks within for its justification; the other looks without."

Campbell paused a moment, but Hewson had grown quite excited. With the keen appreciation he had for thought, and his

demonstrative, nervous nature, he almost hopped about as he said eagerly: "Go on, go on, I am following you. Don't lose it. I see what you are driving at. Oh, it is immense!"

"Well, then," Campbell continued, "birds of a feather flock together. People of similar tastes, similar interests and occupations, and in similar conditions of life, will find pleasure and social peace and security in each other's company, and will form a circle or set. And it is right that they should do it. The more highly developed society grows, the better it becomes, the more will it thus differentiate into sets. This is wholly right. It will thus have, viewed from without, an 'exclusive' aspect. And it is right that it should thus act exclusively — so long as the forces which give it that consistent, firm, inner solidarity are truly the positive reasons which led to its inner organisation, which made it a set.

"I even hold that it is the duty of every man to carry through his selection on social grounds with firmness and unflinching purity of social motive — provided always he maintains the proportion of life in its wholeness, and does not consider the 'social' objects, to the exclusion or suppression of other duties more urgent and persistent in their claims to consideration. But he is not to admit people into the inner circle of his friends excepting on purely social grounds. Even moral and intellectual claims, as well as those of self-interest, in so far as they clash with social fitness, are not to be regarded. Society as a whole, as a perfect expression of all phases of life, would be the better and more highly developed for this, and social groups would be found in almost artistic purity and harmony, unsullied by sordid interest, without the dissonance of vulgar ostentation or even moral and charitable forces working out of place. We

have no right to bore and disturb our friends, who join together for pure social converse, with unfit people chosen to advance our immediate interests, or add to the market-place reputation or notoriety of our *salons*, or to rid ourselves of the burden of ties and duties in other spheres. Nor, to take a definite instance, ought we, in providing a letter of introduction, only to consider the comfort and convenience of the person presented, to the exclusion of the thought whether the recipient of the letter will be equally pleased by the new acquaintance and obligation we press upon him. If we act thus we are sinning against the impersonal ideal of a well-organised society, as well as wronging our friends, who, in the tacit understanding of *this* 'social contract,' were not called upon to make a sacrifice, but to receive, as well as contribute to, the pleasures of freest and lightest social intercourse. But I must not overshoot the mark.

For, as I said before, the 'social' claims, as well as the whole 'social' attitude of mind, may have to recede and to make way for much more weighty and imperious calls of duty in other spheres of life; and the harmony and proportion of all these spheres among each other will, before all, have to be maintained and regulated. There is not so much danger of people making grave errors in this direction.

"But as soon as the exclusiveness itself becomes an essential feature of a set's consistency, as soon as it leads to an aggressively or manifestly negative attitude towards those not of the set, and draws its moral (or immoral) sustenance from this consciousness, —it produces snobbishness and develops the cruelty and vulgarity of which you gave me an instance this morning."

"Bully!" shouted Hewson. "How do you define snobbishness?"

"Well, that will lead us too far. We

Englishmen know something about it. But I will give you a *mot* of one of my friends, which, in the light of what I have been saying, you will understand. He said, in defining snob and prig as correlative terms, 'A snob is one who is manifestly conscious of his social advantages or disadvantages; a prig is the same in the intellectual and moral sphere.' But now let us 'return to our muttons' — I hate not finishing a thing: and then I want to get to my breakfast.

"Now, 'societies' go in large groups, and therefore cannot trouble about individuals and individual traits. They thus manifest their exclusiveness by larger categories. And in their struggle to find some people upon whose shoulders they can rise to social prominence, at whose cost they can manifest this 'exclusiveness,' they point to recognisable groups or classes of people. The victims must therefore be readily distinguishable. Sometimes it will be a profession or occupa-

tion that is thus stigmatised. Formerly it was chiefly a question of 'birth.' This feudal aspect is played out in England, in spite of our having a house of peers. The most convenient victims will be those smaller groups within the nation who are distinguishable by some *quasi*-national characteristic: and the foreign settlements or their descendants, as well as the provincials settling in the capital, are most convenient. Scotch, Irish, and German communities are easily fixed upon; and this will inevitably happen if their success give rise to envy. Now the Jews are the readiest victims; and so it comes about. And now I'm going to my breakfast."

They had reached the upper end of the promenade, where there are booths of jewellers and booksellers.

"No; now, just come down once more. It is very bad to eat your breakfast so soon after the waters. Come up and down once

more and I'll walk home with you," Hewson urged, and put his arm into Campbell's, pulling him along. "You have answered the first question; how about the second? Why should our American women be worse in this respect than your English?"

"Well, my dear sir, you must forgive me if I speak frankly and freely. I know you are above that petty vanity which is unable to bear even sympathetic and well-founded criticism of national peculiarities."

"Fire away! Of course I don't mind it from you; because you also know and acknowledge our good points. It's the fools who know nothing and then criticise that make me mad," Hewson assured him.

"Well, you Americans have advanced with astounding rapidity in all spheres of civilisation, and you have outstripped the Old World in many important ones, so that, by reaction, you are influencing Europe, very often for good. But 'socially' you are

still in an embryonic stage. With the exception of Boston, where the past few generations created a nucleus of such genuine social groups, organically developed out of similarity of tastes, education, and outer conditions of life conducive to pleasant intercourse, you have no centre. Even in Boston there is active now a process of disintegration, owing to the sweep of business enterprise and the consequent shifting of wealth, together with a general restlessness of spirit. In your other great centres and in your smaller communities fixed and mature social groups have not had time to solidify, and no genuine grounds of 'social selection' — I mean those that are not adventitious — have shown themselves and been recognised or discovered. The result is that you are constantly putting up new ones that may be swept away next day. Wealth is one lasting element. But you, especially the best among you, all deny that this is the

case. You have many of you borrowed from feudalism — the revolt against the spirit of which was the very soul of your origin as a people — a mock and phantom reflexion of its social criterion: namely, birth. We have practically given this up in England, and you do not really believe in it. But I have been hugely amused, while residing both in your capitals and in out-of-the-way provincial towns, to be treated to a cross-fire of my hosts at dinner on the peculiarities of their grandfathers and grand-uncles, Joe Evans, of Evanstown, and Governor Smith, of New London, as if they were great historical figures. Now, I can understand a certain enthusiasm and poetic pleasure felt by a man who, in a great English country house, full of architectural and historical interest, shows you about the halls and galleries and points to the Holbeins, Van Dykes, Gainsboroughs, and Reynolds portraits of his ancestors, who are mentioned, not only in the Domesday

Book, but also in Shakespeare. But I can only sympathise with this in so far as it gives him a kind of poetic pleasure. For the rest it will depend upon him whether he is a true gentleman, a man of refinement and a good fellow, or a cad, a bounder, or a stable boy. But, you see, when the humour no longer struck me, I felt it as a grotesque impertinence on the part of some of your country-people to entertain me with allusions to such uninteresting and undistinguished people."

"Well," rejoined Hewson, "those people are ignorant and do not know the world — they are provincial, my dear fellow. You have got enough provincials in the country in England, have you not? Exactly. But it really seems more ridiculous in America, and there the people who do that kind of thing are not the 'provincials,' but often socially the most prominent. Now, you know my own family. We are proud of being the pure-blooded Knickerbockers.

Well, our wealth comes from the fact that one of our Dutch ancestors — a regular old ruffian he probably was — had some vegetable garden on Manhattan Island, which afterwards became the centre of the city of New York. And the old fellow grew and sold his own potatoes and cabbages. My mother's family, one of the richest and most prominent, had, as their first American ancestor, a man who — I only heard this the other day — worked for a dollar a day in the humble employ of an eminent Jewish merchant in New York at the end of the last century."

"There, you've come nearer our main point," Campbell said more eagerly. "This feeling against the Jews is generally based upon ignorance of history and the history of the non-biblical Jews. They have for many centuries had among them men and families of wealth, distinction, education, and refinement, when the ancestors of many Saxons and Normans, and especially of Knicker-

bockers and Puritans, were following humble (though honourable) pursuits in life which debarred them from the advantages of culture. But the feeling that occasionally crops up against them is intensified by the introduction of religious prejudice and intolerance, especially in America."

"Do you think so?" Hewson asked doubtingly. "I don't think it has anything to do with religion in the case of this woman-meanness."

"Yes, it has, to a slight degree," Campbell continued, "because your social life is curiously mixed up with religion. In your towns, and especially in the country, your society, not having the legitimate and solid basis to which I referred, is often entirely grouped round the Church. You have no Established Church as we have in England; and therefore religion (which is taken for granted with us) is there made a matter of assertion; it becomes obtrusive. I was

often astonished, while travelling in America, at being asked by a young lady, 'What church do you belong to?' as we ask a man, 'What's your club?'"

"Oh, that's so, that's true," said Hewson, laughing, and evidently enjoying the reminiscence.

"Well, the churches thus become the social centres for the communities, and they sever the inhabitants, spreading their worldly ramification far beyond social life, even into business. It is one of the advantages of our Established Church that it has freed us from a curse which makes the Church worldly, while it makes society insincere and fortuitous. It works clumsily and is degrading in any case. That has had something to do with a stupid wave of snobbishness which has occasionally washed your free and enlightened shores. At all events, I am determined to put my foot down about it, and not to allow it to dilute and pollute

the pleasant flow of our Anglo-American life as it has run on for some years here. And now I rush up to my breakfast. Good-by."

"Good-by — thank you! You are a good fellow — one of the right sort. I wish" — Campbell did not hear what else his warm-hearted American friend shouted after him, as he entered his apartments for a well-earned breakfast.

II

THE agitation in which Hewson's unimportant remark had put Campbell did not subside while he was having his breakfast, nor for some time thereafter. There was nothing in this world he loathed more than meanness and pettiness; and social snobbishness of this kind filled him with anger and indignation out of all proportion to the triviality of the act. Large natures

are often stirred to irritation and anger by smallness, because of its contradiction to their essential character. A lion preparing for a fatal contest with another lion will lash his tail and roar with the exultant passion of the fray; but he will howl with the rage of impotence at the stings of wasps and carrion-flies.

Moreover, as a politician, interested in foreign affairs, he had studied and followed the Anti-Semitic movements, these abortions of internal Chauvinism, of Anti-Capitalist parties too cowardly to show their true face, and of religious fanaticism squirting its attenuated venom at the weakest part of the national organism, — a fight which is not fair, open, and evenly matched. He felt thankfully how impossible it was for such a movement to gain a permanent foot-hold in England, because of the spirit of fair play, deeply imbedded in the heart of the English people, the direct inheritance of chivalry, which is

constantly nurtured in all layers of British society by the manly tone due to athletics and sport. And the insinuation of this moral, cowardly disease, which turns its malignity against the weakest group of a community, into even a casual stray portion of a temporary English colony like that of Homburg, called forth his pugnacious spirit of opposition. For, in studying the whole of this curious movement in modern times, he had traced its origin and its main source to Germany, whence it had been imported into America, Austria, and even into France; and he knew how readily such diseases are transmitted and how contagious they might be in their action — even upon socially healthy bodies such as the people of England. For there the general seeds of snobbishness were constantly sending forth shoots of wild growth in other spheres; while distress and keen industrial competition were preparing whole classes of Englishmen for the rivalry and

envy which lend themselves to general intolerance and social persecution.

Finally, he remembered the story which Maxwell had told him of the engineer Gordon and Gordon's theory of social responsibility: and his perturbation gave way to decision when he had determined to fight these evil little impish powers, with pretty, soft, smiling faces and Paris dresses, in an open and manly way. At all events, he felt that he would lose in his own self-respect if he tacitly acquiesced or took part in what was so repulsive to his whole nature.

With this determination, after writing a few letters, he sallied forth on a morning's walk up the Hardwald, and at half-past twelve turned his steps towards Parker's Hotel, where he had been invited to a luncheon party by Lady Northmeath, a kind-hearted friend of his, best of hostesses, who had the art of collecting interesting

people and always bringing the right ones together.

Campbell had avoided lunching at Parker's, though the cooking was excellent, because, being a personal friend of the Prince of Gallia, who resided there, and generally lunched on the terrace, he never wished to put himself in the way of His Royal Highness, and because he particularly disliked the idea of seeing people scramble for tables in the same place where the royal visitor had his luncheon.

He found the table of his hostess almost adjoining that of the Prince, and most of her guests had already assembled. They were all English, with the exception of one very pretty and refined American lady and a Swedish diplomat and his wife. Her party also included a younger member of the royal family. The Prince, at the adjoining table, nodded in a friendly manner to Campbell; while his own party were effusive in their

greetings. He was evidently a favourite with all. Lane, one of the promoters of the dance, was also of the party.

The conversation flowed agreeably in small groups, but occasionally it became general, when, by a curious wave of intelligent instinct, everybody stopped to listen to what was well put and worth hearing.

Campbell was waiting for the mention of the dance; but the subject was not broached, so felt that he must lead up to it.

"I suppose," he asked his hostess, "you have been very gay these last few weeks?"

"Oh, very gay!" she replied. "It has been one of the pleasantest seasons I have had here. There are a great many nice people and very few objectionable ones; no gossip, no *tripotages*, and a universal tone of good fellowship and good nature."

"I am glad to hear that. I hope it has not all been exhausted, now that I've come."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Lady Northmeath: "on the contrary, it seems growing. And you bring a new fund of pleasantness with you in your own person. Everybody was asking why you were not here, and fearing you might miss this season. But I knew you were going to play in the lawn-tennis tournament. It will be very good this year: the English and the American champions are coming."

"I'm not going to compete seriously. My day has gone by. And then the golf they have here now will draw me away from the tennis. I don't think that a man is much good at very active games after he has reached thirty."

The hostess demurred to this statement and appealed to other members of the party, and the conversation became general on the question whether a man could retain his agility at games after thirty. Grace, the cricketer, and the Cumberland wrestlers,

were cited as showing that middle age was not fatal to excellence in games. It was maintained by some that it was merely because men, as a rule, became engrossed in other occupations and duties which debarred them from the needed amount of practice that there were fewer prominent athletes of maturer age.

The discussion was an interesting one, but Campbell felt that the luncheon was drawing to a close, and he had not succeeded in bringing the dance on to the *tapis*. He began nervously to fear that the table-cloth would be removed, and his topic would be "laid on the table."

He tried a more direct tack, and asked, not about the day amusements, but about the evenings. By a curious perversity only the past evenings were mentioned, and he could not direct the talk into the desired channels.

The waiters were already asking each

guest whether he would take coffee and *liqueurs*, which most refused, as they were taking the waters, when Lane suddenly said:

"Of course you'll come to our subscription dance at the Kursaal this evening, Campbell; I've got a ticket for you."

It was Campbell's only chance. But at first his expectancy and the disappointment at not bringing the topic up sooner confused his whole clear and telling plan of mentioning the subject in an impressively cool and delicate manner. So he blushed slightly and hesitated as he said:

"I really am afraid I cannot go. I've determined" — Here he hesitated again.

"All right, old fellow," said Lane; "we won't press you to tell us what engagement is preventing you; we won't ask her name."

This made Campbell feel like a fool and quite angry at the turn Lane's talk had taken. But, above all, he was angry with himself for being so little master of himself

and of the diplomatic art of arranging statements in telling sequence.

But his annoyance was really most serviceable to his cause, as the chaff which was beginning to be directed at him, and his irritation which he could not hide, were arresting the attention of the party. And as he felt unable to divert the current of light banter, he at last burst forth in an altered tone, while the whole party were listening:

"Look here, Lane, be serious. I mean what I say when I absolutely refuse to have anything to do with your dance, and I don't care who knows my reasons. You may think me a prig: but I have what at the University we called 'conscientious scruples,' and I have nothing to say to an entertainment threatening to mar the pleasant spirit of our life here, which you say has prevailed this year also. I was told this morning that there was a dead set made against three nice

ladies, and that tickets were refused them for this dance, — the reason being simply that they were Jewesses. Now, I have no right to dictate to anybody whom he is to ask or not: nor do I think that my presence or absence will make any difference to anybody; but if this is true I shall certainly have nothing to do with the dance and shan't go."

"I really know nothing about this, Campbell; it is quite new to me," Lane said seriously. "There are several of us stewards, some of whom I don't know; and the tickets are given in a casual manner. But I shall inquire into this. I also hate that kind of snobbery."

As the party broke up and Campbell left them, he felt some compunction. For a serious, if not a painful, tone prevailed and had dissipated the high spirits with which they sat down to luncheon. Still, he felt it was worth the sacrifice.

III

IT was a very jovial party dining on the terrace of the Kursaal that evening. There were the Hewsons, and four other Americans, namely, the military *attaché* of the Paris Embassy with his wife and daughter, and a pretty widow, who, like all pretty American widows, was supposed to have millions, but was a well-bred and cheery person with frank and simple manners. Besides these and Campbell, there was Lord Hampton, a school and college friend of Campbell's, and Easton the traveller, an admirable raconteur, most imperturbable in his good humour and high spirits, the soul of every jolly party.

The pleasant lightness of the conversation at their table was, as it were, set in the universal good humour which seemed to reign at all the tables with similar dinner-parties about them, beginning with that of the

Prince of Gallia at the end. The clatter of knives and forks and glasses, with a running accompaniment of low or harsh chatter which makes the indoor table d'hôtes get on one's nerves, were here not noticeable; the accompaniment being, in this case, the music of the excellent band which was playing in the Kiosque below.

Hundreds of well-dressed people were walking to and fro on the lower terrace and about the music-stand; while the real lovers of music were seated on the chairs placed before the orchestra.

Shortly after nine, when the dinner was over, the party rose and began to join the promenaders, walking up and down before the music.

"You are coming to dance with me later on?" Mrs. Hewson, the finest dancer, the most graceful and best dressed woman of Homburg, asked Campbell, who was walking with her and her husband.

"I am afraid" — Campbell was just saying, when Hewson cut in hurriedly with —

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. It is all right about that affair I told you of this morning: the cards were sent to them before dinner."

"Hang it all," Campbell said impatiently, "why did you not tell me that before. Now, I haven't got a ticket, and I want so much to dance with Mrs. Hewson. I feel just in the mood for a good dance."

He really felt exultant. Perhaps it was the pretty woman at his side, and the pleasant dinner, and the music, and the atmosphere of the whole place. But, no doubt, there was some exultation at what he thought must probably be his victory.

"You can get a ticket at once from one of those people. You know them all. I have seen one or two of them on the terrace just now."

"All right," Campbell said impatiently as he left them, "I'll see."

He walked up and down searching for one of his friends who could get him a ticket, when the old Duke of Oxford passed with a lady and several men, and responded to his bow by shouting:

"And how is the great Radical statesman?" They shook hands and the Duke asked him what lady he was looking for so intently. Campbell told him that he was looking for some one to get him a ticket for the dance.

"Oh, stay with us," said the Duke, "we are all going and you can come in with us. We shall only walk here for a little while longer, and then we join the dancers."

So it was that Campbell entered the ballroom on the upper floor of the Kurhaus — the splendid edifice which, like the sister buildings at Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden, could only be erected out of the proceeds of years of gambling — in the company of the Duke of Oxford.

They were given seats together near the

entrance. The dancing had already begun, and Campbell sat with the royal party watching the dancers. Presently he thought that he might now leave the distinguished group and dance himself. He was just about to ask Mrs. Hewson for a dance when he perceived a certain movement among a group of American ladies he was just passing, and heard them say, "There they are."

Following the direction in which they were looking, he saw three ladies who had just entered the ball-room, and were standing together, somewhat isolated from the crowd near the door. One of them seemed older, and was probably a married woman; the two others were evidently unmarried younger sisters. They were tall and rather uninteresting in their looks. All three had dark hair and rather long aquiline noses. He was wondering, as he examined them carefully, whether, if he had known nothing before, he would have classified them as

Semitic, English-Norman in race, French, Italian, or Spanish. He realised, as he had so often done, how puerile it was to attempt seriously to establish ethnological distinctions within the confused mixture of races to be found in all European peoples.

They were dressed simply and without much *chic.* But he was irritated by the fact that they should each of them have worn such splendid and costly jewels, some of them bearing distinctly the character of old heirlooms, — which, no doubt, they had bought.

He felt suffused by a glow of anger that they should have come at all, after the tardy invitation had almost been extracted by force. And a certain dignity and marked assurance in their demeanour as they stood there in their isolated position, with so many people staring at them, as if they were accustomed or hardened to that kind of thing, angered him all the more. Under

other circumstances he would have admired the pluck and character in their demeanour.

Still, after the first burst of protest and irritation, he returned to his first mood of stolid purpose: — the more they were shunned, the more was it incumbent upon him to help them. And so, as at that moment he saw his friend Lord Hampton bow formally to them, without, however, advancing, he hastily walked up to him and said:

"Hampton, I want you to do me a favour."

"With all my heart, my dear boy," said Lord Hampton cheerfully, "if it is anything within my power."

"I want you to introduce me to those three ladies you have just been bowing to, and at once." Campbell spoke eagerly, and was already seizing his friend by the arm to drag him on.

"But, my dear fellow, I hardly know them

and" — Lord Hampton seemed embarrassed, almost displeased. He looked at his friend with a puzzled expression. The doubt which flashed through his mind was so thoroughly out of keeping with what years of friendship, from childhood upwards, had taught him of Campbell's character, that he at once dispelled it.

Campbell had interrupted him and had said rapidly with growing eagerness: "I have never asked you for a favour, Hampton, and this is so small a matter: but, *j'y tiens*."

So Lord Hampton shrugged his shoulder and advanced to the three ladies, Campbell following him, again bowed formally, whispered a few words to them, and by the time Campbell had drawn up he had mentioned his name to them in a perfunctory manner, which displayed no pleasure or cordiality, — and the presentation was over. Lord Hampton at once withdrew, and Campbell, having asked the youngest of the three for

a dance, which she accorded, he also walked off with his partner.

Campbell was not in the best mood or temper. He was irritated with the manner in which his friend had met his request, with his friend himself, and with himself for having asked it. But he rapidly withdrew his anger from himself and cast it in his heart at the young lady, whom he made responsible for the ordeal he was undergoing. Perhaps there was still lurking behind his irritation a certain priggish self-satisfaction in the increased amount of difficulties and impediments, of personal sacrifice, which his unselfish acting up to principle brought with it — so that it was rapidly approaching the heights of heroic action.

His unfavourable impression of her was not diminished by her manner towards him. It was not merely simple and direct, but showed a self-possession and coolness, which, under the circumstances, approached

effrontery. She looked him straight in the eyes in a scrutinising manner and cross-questioned him. She paid no heed to his questions, which he had carefully, with rare tact, arranged so as in no way to wound her; and the simple, almost humble tone (quite foreign to him with people of any kind) which he had considerately forced himself to adopt, was, as it were, taken for granted, and led, he indignantly felt convinced, to a complete misconception of his whole personality. He was rapidly beginning to feel like a fool, and did not like her the more for feeling thus.

Meanwhile she plied him with questions, which, as soon as answered by him, were, with a nod of acceptance, dropped to make room for new ones. What disgusted him most was the low, vulgar *niveau* of these questions. They were all personal inquiries concerning the people they saw there. She would put up her long eyeglasses and stare

at this lady and that man and inquire who they were, where they came from, pass them over with a general remark, — that they were good looking or not, well dressed or not. And then she would cap the climax by such brutal questions as "She is very rich, is she not?" or "They are great people in their country, are they?" "This is almost the caricature of Hebrew characteristics," Campbell said to himself.

All she said, moreover, was couched in miserable English, with a strong German accent; words not only mispronounced, but misplaced and tortured out of all form and proportion of meaning: slang expressions made coarse by their juxtaposition to a word only used in classical literature. Campbell, who had a sensitive ear and a most delicate appreciation of the niceties and elegances of the English language, suffered acute pain as he heard it tortured with cruel insensibility.

But the climax of his suffering, which had already produced an intense state of irritation, was reached when he began to dance.

Here, too, was the same impertinent wilfulness which marked her whole personality. She had assured him that she could dance the *trois-temps*, the Boston, as she called it; but the rhythm of her waltz was still the *deux-temps*. In fact, there was no rhythm at all, and no time. She could not have had an ear for music.

Campbell had made a paraphrase of the French saying, "*Dans l'amour il y a toujours un qui aime et l'autre qui se laisse aimer*," maintaining that it was all right in such cases if it was the better and stronger who was the active one; and he especially applied this to a couple dancing.

In spite of her incompetence she still insisted upon leading him, who was known to be, and was, an excellent dancer. The result was that they were bobbing about out

of time and bumping against every other couple; until Campbell, red in the face with real anger and not with the exertion, caught her firmly round the waist and pressed her wrist so tightly with his other hand that it must have pained her, and, with a suppressed snort or grunt, whirled her round after his own fashion, forcing her into his own steps and guiding her by sheer muscular compulsion.

When he had triumphantly wheeled her into his step, and she just had whispered, "What a good dancer you are!" he reached the place where her sisters were standing, and, without further ceremony, he deposited her there, bowed, and walked away, red in the face and boiling with rage.

This frame of mind could not even be dispelled by a dance with Mrs. Hewson, who was a perfect dancer and with whom he loved to waltz. It almost seemed as if he had been contaminated by his previous bad dancing

company. Mrs. Hewson remarked the change and said: "Why, you are dancing badly to-night. I don't recognise you. You are rough, heavy, and coarse in your movements. I really do not recognise you."

"Oh, I am out of sorts, and dancing is, like the practice of every art, expressive of personality and even of moods. Forgive me for this evening. We'll have a good one some other day."

And with this he left her and the ballroom, and sulkily went home to bed.

IV

ON the afternoon of the next day, Campbell was bicycling steadily up-hill on his way to the Saalburg. It was a very stiff pull, a continuous ascent; but the prospect of a delightful coast the whole way back made him forget the strain. He had got to the end of the wide road planted with trees

which merges into a narrow avenue cut through the woods, and half-way through this, when he saw a young lady immediately in front of him dismount from her bicycle in haste and begin a careful examination of the hind wheel. As he drew up he noticed a gesture of impotent despair, and he could clearly see the expression of distress on a face that at once arrested his attention. For the time, however, the anxiety expressed in her countenance directed his eyes from her face wholly towards the cause of her distress.

He dismounted, raised his cap, and said: "I fear you have had an accident. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Thank you, I really do not wish to trouble and detain you. I fear I have punctured my tire. There will probably be some cab passing which will take me home."

"I doubt whether you will meet any disengaged cab here or for some distance on. You must allow me to help you. I know

how to deal with bicycles, and if it is only a punctured tire I can repair that. I have the materials in my case."

"Oh, it would be very kind of you," she said in a more joyful tone, the anxiety having entirely vanished from her voice and face. "But I really do not wish to delay you and spoil your ride."

But he had already kneeled down, and began in a workmanlike way to examine the machine. He was so full of the task before him that he almost forgot the young lady, and only thought of her as an assistant worker, giving her orders to hold the machine this way or that, while he tested it. He began to pump the back tire, which had been depleted.

"Yes," he said, "there is a puncture here, though I can't find it. I can make it hold fairly well; and if you pump once or twice you can get back to Homburg. Where were you bound for?"

"I was going up to the Saalburg," she said. "My people drove on with their bicycles in the trap, to have tea there and then to coast back. But I was so proud that, in spite of their warnings as to the stiffness of the pull, I determined to cycle all the way up. It appeared to me a feeble thing to have yourself driven the whole way and then to ride back. You would probably call it unsportsmanlike," she added.

"I have the same feeling," he said, smiling; and now he forgot the bicycle and the punctured tire and looked straight into the lovely face before him, which exercised a fascination, disturbing and calming at once, such as he had never experienced before. Perhaps it was the up-hill exertion or his bending-down over the wheel, but there was a flutter in the region of his heart.

"Yes, I have the same feeling. In my Alpine climbing days I would not drive the moment I had set foot in Switzerland, and

used to sneer at the people who drove up to the foot of the mountain and then began their climb. But I'll tell you the best thing to do with the bicycle. I am bound for the Saalburg, too. The tire will hold until we get to the end of this avenue, and then begins a steep ascent to the right, where even I, who have 'sportsmanlike' feelings, intended to dismount and to push the machine up-hill. Then I'll help you up the hill with your machine. At the Saalburg there will be time and all facilities for repairing the puncture."

She gratefully agreed to this on condition that he would allow her to push her own machine.

And so they started off. Her bicycle held out while she was riding it and for some distance while they were pushing their machines up-hill through the woods. Campbell admired the firm and graceful walk of this slim figure, elastic and strong,

the way she planted her thin foot firmly on the ground, and the erectness of her carriage. She wore a black short skirt reaching to her ankles, simple in its art, the seams showing outside: it had the character of a riding habit. A white blouse, the sleeves not too slavishly following the fashion in exaggerated width. A high man's collar and a bright red tie, the only touch of colour in her costume, gave her a boyish appearance: while a black toque, with a somewhat defiant straight black feather rising backwards and still upwards, was placed slightly to the side, and gave a brisk and energetic, though not forward turn to the head. But the predominant character of the face was seriousness.

The road was not as good as it had hitherto been, and the ascent was steep. Campbell felt the severity of the exertion in pushing the machine up. He noticed that she was toiling hard, but, bracing herself up and smiling, she endeavoured to hide her

effort. At the same time he noticed that the back tire had again become depleted, and that her machine was bumping over the road. And when he heard the trickling of water in the woods on his right hand, whither a path seemed to lead, he gladly intervened and said:

"This will really not do. You may cut the rim of your tire, should you mount it, and spoil the whole machine. 'A stitch in time,' you know. I hear the trickling of a spring close by here. I am sure this path leads there."

The young lady was evidently glad to halt. As she stood leaning on her wheel, the courageous, almost defiant expression had left her, and her voice had a soft tremor as of a child in distress as she said:

"If you really think you can repair it, and it does not delay you too long, I should be most grateful if you would do it."

He led the way along the narrow path

made soft and springy by dry pine needles, and started with surprise and delight as he came upon a little clearing in the woods on the hillside, with a pretty stream trickling over stones and pebbles, rapidly down the hill from a spring welling out from the rocks overhung with boughs. It must have been known as a fountain with good water, for, on a stone by the side, stood a bright tin cup, carefully kept clean by the workmen in the woods. But what riveted his gaze was the vast, clear, and brilliantly lighted scene before him and at his feet, which stretched for miles in the distance, lost at last in the deep blue haze of the Taunus hills rising beyond the plain. As he stepped out of the dark shade of the woods to the verge of all this expanse of light, his eyes were fairly dazzled by the brilliant contrast. And there, in the middle distance, gladly and comfortably settled on its slighter elevation, lay Homburg, drinking in the light, and

shedding back twinkles of sunshine from its blinking windows and roofs, with the tower of its old castle no longer frowning in its stolid feudal pride of a vanished sovereignty, but smiling down in aged benignity upon the gay folly of its modern flitting world of fashion.

For the moment he had forgotten the woods and the stream, his fair companion and the purpose of their quest. And when he turned, his eyes could not at once discern her. He could only see a shadowed outline rising against the dark background of foliage, the white mass of the blouse, and the bright red speck of the tie. But as his eyes again became accustomed to the softer light of the woods, the sight before him, compact and limited in scope, harmonized into a real picture which held his eye more completely and with a thrill more penetrating than the distant and extended valley bathed in sunlight.

By the moss-covered rock, brown, grey, and bluish, with its trickling, silvery stream and the overhanging boughs of deep and bright green, stood the girl, erect, but for a slight forward inclination of the head. She might have been a Highland queen. But the face, the face, riveted his attention. The hair in thick waves framed the delicate features heavily, so that it appeared almost too great a weight for them to bear. It was dark brown, with a reddish-golden sheen. And the eyes, with the arched dark brows, seemed to reflect brightly and yet softly the light of the view she was looking upon. The scene before her seemed to have come upon her as in a trance; she gazed fixedly; and then the tension of her whole countenance seemed to relax and a soft smile stole over the face as her lips parted and she whispered in a deep tone: "How lovely this is!" Still she continued to gaze, but her eyes moved about to the various points of the landscape.

Campbell, who feared that she might notice his stare, tried to follow the direction of her look towards the happy scene before them; but his eyes would return to her and drink in their fill of the loveliness there. Suddenly she turned to him and noticed his stare. A rapid blush came over her cheeks; she looked away, and stepped back.

Campbell felt that he had spoilt her mood, and, by a correct divination, he altered his manner and voice, and said lightly in a businesslike tone:

"It is very beautiful; but we must not waste our time. We have got a lot of work before us."

And with that he began to move about, pulling her bicycle with him, and resting it beside the pool, below the fountain. Then, taking off his coat and rolling up the sleeves of his white flannel shirt, so that his strong, sinewy arms could work freely, he began to take off the tire. All the while, to counter-

act the impression his stare had made, he was talking in a quiet workmanlike manner.

"We have quite a job before us. And you must help me. Don't mind if I bully you and order you about. We are fellow-workmen now, and you are my assistant." And looking up smilingly, he added, in a commanding tone:

"Come on, now. Don't stand about! Hold this, while I unscrew the valve."

She gave a quick start and smiled. But she did not at once enter into his tone and manner of brisk *camaraderie*, and said:

"Oh, I am so grateful to you, and so very sorry for all the trouble I am giving you. I am keeping you from your ride, which I have spoilt; as it is"—

"Now, please first hold this, and then listen to me," he said with a dash of scolding in his voice. And while she was bending down to hold the machine, he said seriously:

"I beg you not to mention 'gratitude' or 'trouble' any more. In the first place, I am assured that you are grateful to chance which has brought me to help you, and to me for doing her behest. Meanwhile I am well pleased with having been able to be of some service to a lady, to have happened upon this lovely spot I never knew of, to have met you, to be here, and so on. It is not grateful or graceful not to accept a favour simply and to burden the *bienfaiteur* with the weight of painful obligation cast from the recipient's shoulders, and to retard the advance of acquaintance or friendship. It impedes progress or renders friendly action quite impossible."

She smiled and looked up at him, while she said with serious emphasis:

"You are quite right. I have often felt that. I shall not mention it again. And I am pleased to have met you."

"By the way," he put in, "in Germany

people introduce themselves. It is not a bad plan. At all events I should like you to know me. My name is Campbell. I am an Englishman, a member of Parliament."

"My name is Lewson. I am an American," she answered in the same tone.

Meanwhile they chatted as they worked on. Campbell took care to keep his eyes on his work and not to look at her. He felt that her simple, bright, and cheerful talk would be marred if he trusted himself to look up in her eyes.

He had unscrewed the valve, and passing the tire-lifter under the wire he forced it round and took out the inner tube. She watched all his movements with the greatest attention; and he explained what he was doing as he proceeded, giving her a lesson in repairing punctures.

There was quite a joyful tone between them; something of the nature of children who are busily engaged in some elaborate

construction, the little sister following the brother about as he works on busily. She had regained all her naturalness and was enjoying it fully, forgetful of the accident and of the fact that the man with whom she was thus alone in the woods had been an utter stranger to her less than an hour ago.

But he had not regained his full self-possession; he was preoccupied while he was apparently absorbed in his work, and his jaunty air of command would have had to a careful observer a ring of insincerity; it was forced. Moreover, the same observer would have been struck by the fact that, while her eyes wandered freely from the object he was touching and from his hands to his face, *he* kept his eyes fixed upon the work, more than was in reality needed, and did not once look into her face.

He kept this up during the process of taking out the inner tube and examining it to discover the puncture. When even a

minute examination did not lead to its detection, he proceeded to the next expedient of putting the inner tube in the water.

They returned to the fountain, which they had left to have a better light. He did not even look into her face when they agreed to have a drink of the clear spring water: and he gave her a cup, which she drained with keen enjoyment, he drinking after her.

But, when holding the tube carefully in the water with both hands, and stretching it as he passed it on to discover the bubble from the hole of the puncture, she crouched near him and peered eagerly into the pool, he at first gazed at her image reflected in the clear water, her black feather nodding on the ruffled surface, and then the eyes held his own. They were of a bluish green, wonderfully bright, but their brightness was softened and subdued by the dark brows and lashes, and the serious, almost sad expression of the whole face seen thus in the

water over which they were bending filled him with a mysterious thrill which was almost uncanny. He could restrain himself no longer, and stopped passing the tube; the blood was all in his head and he felt giddy.

As he looked up, she also raised her head and he looked straight into her eyes, the deep and yet limpid beauty of which the image in the water had but feebly reflected.

He could not command his voice, and there was some emotion in its ring as he quoted in German:

"*Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin*" . . .

She at once seized upon his quotation from Goethe's "Der Fischer," and the rapid blush having made way for a slight expression of coquetry, she said:

"No! no dangerous nixie; but, as I saw my toque and waving feather in the water just now, it reminded me of a mild and attenuated Mephistopheles."

He feared the heavier wave of sentiment which threatened to gain possession of him, and thus irretrievably spoil the pleasant tone of his new comradeship; and so he said with forced lightness:

"If I were Faust there would be no need of his producing a Gretchen."

She evidently did not appreciate the taste of this remark, and he at once added:

"Now we must push on our work. We must find that wicked little puncture."

"Please let me try; and show me how to do it," she said eagerly, and was the little sister again. "It looks so fascinating."

And so, having bared her white arms, she thrust them into the clear pool under the overhanging boughs. He touched her hands and felt a warm thrill shooting to his heart, though the water was cold. As she stretched the tube piece by piece soon there was a tiny crystalline air-bubble rising to the surface.

"Stop there," he cried, and she started as he held her hand. "There is the little culprit."

He had found the puncture, and soon had pasted the strip of rubber over it. She now watched him as he put the tube back and held the machine, while he pumped the air in again. Then he dried her hands and his with his handkerchief, put on his coat, and they were ready to start.

"Oh, I must have one more look," she said, as they were turning to leave. And she stept forward into the bright sunlight and gazed over the lovely scene again. He stood close beside her and they both joined in their rapture over one of nature's lovely scenes. Contemplation of beauty in nature or art is a common ground of disinterested and elevating pleasure, an unfailing source of happiness which will always bind the hearts of men together in peace and good-will, if not in love.

And then they returned to the main road and resumed their ascent, chatting quietly and naturally as if they were old friends. The seclusion and uncommonness of the spot they had left seemed almost to have given an intimacy and depth to their acquaintanceship which hours along the high-road or in the streets and drawing-rooms of a town could not have yielded. When they returned to the road it seemed as if a chapter in a story had been completed; as if they had met again after some absence, — like people who had known each other before.

And when they reached the top of the hill and came in view of the Saalburg and of two ladies who were evidently awaiting them, and were looking anxiously for their sister, the young lady could hardly realise that Campbell was but a chance acequaintance met but an hour ago. And as she introduced him to her sisters, she felt some embarrass-

ment as to how she could account for the informal and almost intimate footing upon which she felt herself with him.

She was herself chilled by the reserve with which they received him. Though, after her hasty account of what had happened and what he had done, they thanked him for his kindness, their manner struck her as forbidding and prudish. She did not realise that, as a rule, she was the more reserved of the three.

Campbell liked the other ladies. He at once felt that they were women of high breeding and refinement. The eldest, Mrs. Morton, was married, the other, the youngest sister of the three, was called Ethel by them. His own friend's name was Margaret.

But their manner warmed to him under the charm of his own fresh cheerfulness, which never would brook reserve in the people who pleased him, as it at once disarmed affectation or haughtiness, and

made them ridiculous. This buoyancy of spirit and natural grace and good nature of manner no doubt came from his Irish mother. Humour is the unfailing antidote to pride.

He proposed that they should order their tea to be ready in half an hour, and that, meanwhile, they should inspect the Roman camp, of which there was so fine a specimen near. He naturally took the arrangements in his hands, and they as naturally seemed to accept his leadership.

The last vestiges of reserve seemed to vanish from the two sisters, when he began to show them over this interesting camp in the woods. His accurate knowledge and his clear and precise diction gave him authority and evoked respect ; and so they all three grouped round him when he began to point out and to describe the remains, and, with direct and graphic touches, to restore to life the past which had left such clear footprints on those northern hills.

The questions they asked, on the rare occasions when they interrupted his account, were pertinent and intelligent, and helped him to give a continuous story of the ancient Roman settlement. They were not of that exasperating order which shows a misplaced curiosity for unessential or unimportant things, or vapid and senseless interruptions made to hide a want of interest or to display sham knowledge.

He pointed out to them the shops of the traders before the Porta Decumana, who gathered there from all parts of the ancient world to profit by the legions in the camp. Besides these traders, the inhabitants of the adjoining country, attracted by the protection and security of the spot, swelled the number of people outside the fortifications; veterans from the legions and companies also settled there, and thus the *canabæ* grew into villages: nay, towns. He pointed in the direction of the great city

Mayence, not many miles off, which had thus grown up out of a Roman camp, like Strassburg, Vienna, and many other famous modern cities. He led them into the gate flanked by its towers and walls, with the fossa surrounding them; and from a higher point, with the help of sketches which he rapidly drew on the back of a letter he took from his pocket, he showed them the plan of the whole camp: with the Prætorium and Quæstorium, the drill grounds, baths, sanctuary, and bases of statues (even in this lonely camp); the Porta Prætoria, the Porta Principalis dextra and sinistra, and the distant confines of the settlement visible through cuttings in the woods. Then he pointed to the Roman road, stretching on for miles and joining the vast system of roads connecting, for commercial and military purposes, the whole of the European continent under Roman sway, nearly two thousand years ago.

And then he grew eloquent, and with singular power he recalled to life the past of this lonely camp in the north of Germany. He gave a rapid sketch in broad lines of the Roman history and policy of these days; and then, in the person of a Roman officer there commanding, he described the orders and duties and tasks of each day. Finally, to give real life to his picture, he drew an analogy between modern Great Britain and ancient Rome and between the pioneer work of the settlers and fighters in South Africa, whose camps in the distant woods corresponded to this Roman camp, and the Roman legions of old. "But Rome," he ended, "was supreme, and there were no rivals of equal strength to interfere, as the other European powers oppose our advance. On the other hand, there was then no effective tribunal of public morality, no spiritual conscience of nations, of which we all have to take account in modern times, — thank God,

a real power with us, unknown to the ancient world, and to which we Englishmen, I hope, will always pay due tribute, though we shall insist upon advancing, unchecked by any power, because we know that our advance always means the common advance of civilisation."

He had really spoken these last words with a fervour which carried him away; while the ladies were listening to him in rapt and breathless attention. He stopped suddenly and altered his tone as he said softly:

"Why, I have been carried away into a political speech at the hustings, and have drifted back into my own 'shop,' from which I apparently cannot free myself. But now we had better return to the inn and our tea: for, though it takes an astonishingly short time to coast back to Homburg, it is getting late."

On their way back to the inn the elder sister told him that she had never supposed

Roman antiquities could be made so interesting and poetic. Even though she felt how much was due to his eloquence and the beauty of this lonely spot, the life of the Romans, into which he had led them, and with which he had made them sympathise, seemed to her more full of poetry than she had realised before.

"I must say," he replied, "that I am myself astonished that I have put poetry and warmth into my account of Roman military life and any Roman antiquities, as you assure me I have done. For I will confess to you that Rome and Roman antiquities are most antipathetic to me personally. All in ancient Rome that appeals to me as admirable and worthy of being perpetuated in its influence was merely a reflex of the brilliant, and still mellow, glow of Hellenic civilisation. Even the spirit of enterprise and empire, which they carried to such glorious fulfilment, was Hellenic, from the mythical days of the

Argonauts to the splendid rush of Alexander's conquest."

He found in these ladies response to his enthusiasm for Hellenism. Not only had they read and studied Greek history and literature; but they had travelled in Europe and in Egypt, and were especially enthusiastic over Greece itself, its monuments and works of art as well as its exquisite landscapes.

In fact, there was soon established between them that intellectual freemasonry and *entente cordiale* which comes to people who have lived surrounded by the same books and works of art with which they have familiarised themselves, until taste, which is at the base of even social conduct, becomes for them essentially the same in quality and refinement. They spoke the same intellectual dialect and did not require explanation of terms used or references made, which conveyed a whole world of preliminary mean-

ing, on the ground of which new things mentioned or views put forward were readily intelligible.

He felt the acquaintanceship growing in familiarity, not without gratified surprise, when he found that they were conversant with English politics and movements for social reform, which they followed with deep interest. To explain this Mrs. Morton told him that their grandfather had been an Englishman, and they had always continued certain English traditions in their family in America, their father, for instance, always taking in the London *Times*. The work of certain institutions in the poor quarters of their own city, in which they were all three actively engaged, was in part modelled upon similar organisations in the east end of London, of the advance of which they kept themselves informed. But a dash of flattered vanity was added to his gratified surprise, when he found that they were familiar with

his name and his political activity, and were in complete sympathy with the direction of his work.

The reserve of the two sisters had completely vanished by this time, and had given way to a free and happy exchange of ideas; while his own friend Margaret manifested an additional pleasure by looks at her sisters which evidently implied a greater degree of proprietorship in their new friend, and a touch of pride in the effect he was producing upon her sisters, as if she were worthy of praise for the discrimination she had shown.

Thus it was that their tea-party was a very pleasant one, and that they spoke and acted like old friends. They were all sorry when it was time to break up, and, having been completely occupied with each other, it was only in the moment of parting that they could direct their attention to the wonderful view at their feet. The sun was setting at their back and sent its clear golden rays with

a dash of scarlet and pink over the tops of the pine forests, and sweeping up a green sheen from the trees, lit up the vast expanse of plain and the houses of Homburg.

It was a similar view to the one the two friends had gazed at by the spring; but it was vaster, less harmonious, more grossly panoramic. It had lost the familiarity of detail which gave a homelike, sweet touch in its proximity to the view below. The light was also more fiery, almost theatrical; its showy brilliance seemed sophisticated.

Both Margaret and Campbell felt this; and as they gazed, their eyes were blind to the actual scene before them, and the vision of the previous view, with the whole sweetness of the mood which it had evoked, stole over them. They were both confident that they had the same thoughts, and at last he said, in a mere whisper, "The other was lovelier." And as he turned to her and her eyes met his, a blush spread over her face.

And then they all four coasted down the hill. Margaret wished to coast down the steep straight road; but the sisters remonstrated, and it required Campbell to confirm them in their fears that it might be dangerous. So they returned by the same way through the woods and the long avenue. The delight of their rapid spinning through the wind without any effort gave them a sense of joyousness which nobody knows who has not coasted on bicycle or toboggan or has not galloped across country on a good horse. His machine being the heaviest of the four, he had occasionally to put on the brake in order not to advance far ahead of his companions. He would then allow them to pass him and would enjoy the sight of the three figures rushing in front of him with their thin blouses rustling in the wind.

As it was late, and he had an engagement for dinner, they urged him not to accom-

pany them home; and so they left him at the door of his lodgings, with bright nods and waving of hands, and rode on, leaving him alone at his door with a sense of being really alone.

V

CAMPBELL awoke next morning with a peculiar and, to him, new sensation of restlessness.

He had hoped to find the sisters at the Kurhaus for the music of the evening, and had wandered about, up and down, peering for them among the crowd of people, trying to avoid his acquaintances who would stop him to exchange greetings or join him while walking. He answered distractedly, and shook them off as soon as possible. But he could not find those he was looking for with increasing eagerness and impatience. The sweet face of Margaret was constantly before his eyes, and he heard her voice through the

music, as the fairest music he had listened to. When at last he was in bed, irritated by the fruitlessness of his quest, her image, as she gazed into the water of the clear pool, lulled his mind to peace and rest, and he dropped off to sleep with her face bowing over his, her rich hair, like a deep golden aureole, framing its loveliness.

But the sense of restlessness came upon him with increased intensity in the morning, when he started early for the wells, and found not one of the sisters there. He then hoped to see them at the lawn-tennis grounds, where he was to practise in a double set with the Countess Tournelle, who, no longer a girl, was still the most graceful of lady players. They played against an Austrian, who was more than a match for him, and Miss Softly, a most vigourous and muscular player, who served and volleyed like the strongest of men. They were badly beaten, and he advised his

fair partner to choose some better player than himself for the tournament, which was to begin next day. He recommended her to take a young Cambridge "half-blue" who had come for the tournament; he presented him, and they at once set to work to practise.

This left him free to search among the motley crowd of princes, English and foreign, of beautiful women and athletic men of all nationalities, seated in chairs about the courts where the most interesting game was being played within the grounds, or chatting and walking without. But it was all fruitless: he could not find them.

After luncheon he wandered about in the same eager manner, and, for a moment, at the "Cow-house," he thought he espied them sitting at one of the round tables under the trees. But when he drew near, he found to his disgust that they were the three Jewesses. They levelled their eyeglasses at

him as he advanced, but when he recognized them he merely raised his hat and passed on, as if looking for some one else.

These young ladies had entirely passed out of his mind and the range of his interest, since he saw that they were well provided with friends, and had, in fact, a number of people constantly flitting about them. He had noticed them dining at a table near that of the Prince of Gallia on the terrace of the Kurhaus the previous evening, and they seemed to have a very lively and attentive train of followers. The moment his sense of general moral obligation had left him, his interest in them had ceased; and the aversion which their manners had evoked confirmed his disgust at their having gone to the ball, where their admittance had to be virtually forced.

He was reproaching himself for his stupidity in not having asked his American friends for their address, when suddenly a

very simple way to discover their whereabouts, which he had strangely overlooked before, occurred to him; namely, to examine the *Kurliste* in which the addresses of all Homburg visitors were given. He was just turning up hastily towards the hotels to consult the lists there, when, this time, there was no doubt as to their identity; for he saw them walking towards him along the road which leads to the hills.

He almost ran to meet them, but they seemed less responsive than on the previous day. Still he was pleased to note a certain embarrassment in the face and manner of Margaret in which the pleasure of seeing him could not be wholly concealed.

As he gave them an account of his vain search for them, of his stupidity in not having asked them for their address, and of his comic ignoring of the *Kurliste* which he was just running off to consult, his good humour again warmed them to the friendli-

ness of the previous day, and they invited him to join them for tea at the Wiener Café, a short distance up the hill in the woods.

They walked on together like old friends. At the café in the woods there were but few people; and when they had seated themselves at a table under the trees, at some distance from the others, they felt at home and chatted on freely. Campbell felt thoroughly happy, and in this mood he was occasionally brilliant in his talk. He felt that he was "showing to advantage." Above all, there was a youthful freshness and joyousness in his mood which he had not experienced for many years, and which he had thought belonged to the past.

But strange to say, when, on returning, he walked alone with Margaret, the buoyancy of spirit and the ebullience of manner left him, and he became serious, almost embarrassed, having to make an effort to find the right thing to say. Sometimes they

would both lapse into silence. He could not talk about "things" or other people; he felt an uncontrollable impulse to ask her about herself and to talk about himself. When they had once begun with confidences as to their own experiences and feelings, the tone grew warm and familiar and a delicious sense of repose and sweetness came over him as he listened to her. But in the midst of her confidential talk he would notice a certain sudden restraint, as if she thought it right to check herself and would not allow her expansive mood to take its own course.

Mrs. Morton and Ethel had to do some shopping, and so he walked back with Margaret. When he expressed a desire to see their home she said that she hoped he would call. When they arrived at the door of their lodgings on the Promenade he did not leave her, and stood talking expectantly, until she could not help asking him

to come up to their drawing-room for a few minutes.

There was almost a twinkle of humourous exultation at his victory over her reserve, when he said:

"I should like nothing more. Isn't that your balcony? I should love to sit there and chat until your people return."

The pugnacious spirit was up in him and he resolved to fight, to conquer her reserve. The more he felt the charm of her personality, the more it occasionally produced in him an embarrassment amounting to timidity, the more did he require the help of his combative spirit, which, together with his humour, he had inherited from his Irish mother. And thus he felt a call upon his determination and courage to bend to his will the resisting power of the girl, whose strength of character he intuitively divined.

She had taken off her hat, and now, with her rich hair freed from the covering which

makes faces more commonplace, she seemed to him a new person, wholly herself and wholly bewitching in her personality. As she moved about the room, to put things in their proper place, he followed her every movement with eyes fascinated. There was a grace, a sedate intimacy in her movements which made him feel at home, or long to be so. And when, before they went out on the balcony, she stood for a moment before him, her hands raised to the back of her head to arrange the hair-pins, he had to clutch his chair tightly not to rush up and clasp her in his arms.

While sitting on the balcony overlooking the Promenade, along which a gay throng was constantly passing, he began by telling her of some of his friends at Homburg whom he felt sure she would like, and begged her to join him with her sisters at luncheon next day, and then to go to the lawn-tennis courts. She said that they

were only waiting from day to day to hear from their relations, who were at Bayreuth, and whom they were to join on their way back to England; that, therefore, it was no use making new acquaintances; that, in fact, they liked to be quiet and by themselves. Nor could they go out that evening and join him at the music before the Kursaal, as he begged her to do. The most he could obtain was her promise to play a game of lawn tennis with him the next morning punctually at ten, before most of the people arrived.

Meanwhile her sisters returned and he felt that he ought to go, as the dinner hour was approaching. So he took his leave, but the thought of her clung to him. A fascination, absorbing all his thoughts and feelings, was upon him which no one had ever before exercised over him.

He left his friends, as soon as he could do it with propriety after dinner, and

wandered off to the music, seeking a chair which was hidden from general view. He there dreamed of her. But when the band played a waltz (it was that masterpiece of waltz-music, Strauss's "Wiener Blut") the melting sentiment of it, the joyous pathos, the insinuating *naïveté*, the heart-stirring rhythm of its plaintive and still gladsome melody, — all this was too much for him; and he rushed home to dream in his room without a light.

"Yes," he said to himself, pacing his room, "I am in love. That is the plain fact. As much in love as any school-boy ever was, and I feel as helpless as he does." And he thought of a paraphrase of Heine's "*Es ist eine alte Geschichte*" which he once addressed to a friend of advanced years whom he found smitten in the same way:

> "It is an old, old story,
> Yet always seems so new;
> And wise and grey and hoary,
> We're boys when love comes true."

VI

HE played tennis with her the next morning, and was astonished to find what an excellent player she was. Graceful, lithe, and strong, rapid in her movements, she had a coolness of judgment and a control of her temper which made her score more than many a more showy player. He begged her to be his partner in a double in the mixed handicaps at the tournament; but she refused with firmness.

Nor could he shake her in her refusal to persuade her sisters to join him at luncheon and dinner parties at the various hotels and to be present next day at the tournament. He appealed to the artistic sense, so highly developed in her, when he gave a picture of the gatherings at the tournament.

"What can be lovelier in its way," he said, "than the charming grounds, enclosed with fine trees; little open vistas over meadows,

like those of an English park; then the players in white, reminding one almost of ancient Greek athletes, and the mass of varied colour in the ladies' costumes grouped round the court of greatest interest, the red jackets of the boys dotted about, — surely, apart from the variegated humanity, which need not interest you in itself, the scene is one any appreciative eye like yours would enjoy."

But it was of no avail. Though he saw a great deal of the three ladies, and had long, delightful walks with Margaret, he could not bring them to join in his social circle or to mix with others. This desire for isolation and shyness seemed so strong that he began to wonder whether it did not point to morbid sensitiveness, based upon the consciousness of some vulnerable point in their antecedents. He had made observations of this kind in people before. Perhaps there was some scandal in the matrimonial rela-

tion of their parents, perhaps some disgraceful business failure of the father.

Among his numerous American friends at Homburg he could have gained information. But he resented the idea of making anything approaching inquiry, in however covert and indirect a manner, as an act of disloyalty, a want of chivalry towards his noble and trusting friends. He carefully avoided mentioning them to anybody: and his friends, including the Hewsons, with rare tact on their part, did not refer to his new intimacy, though they must have seen him in the company of these ladies on several occasions, and though he neglected his older acquaintances for them.

But he resolved to touch upon this marked feature in their faultless demeanour in a direct and straightforward, though a general and impersonal manner.

And so, one day, taking a long walk with Margaret, with whom he had discussed many

interesting topics fully, while sitting on a bench in the woods, and resting, he suddenly seized the opportunity offered by their discussion of the happiest condition of life to say:

"Do you know what I think one of the most irrational and mischievous causes of misery to one's self and of discomfort to others?"

She looked up inquiringly, and he continued:

"Sensitiveness. It has done less good and more harm than any other human attribute with a name that has a ring of virtue in its sound. Its implication of a refined organisation as opposed to coarseness or bluntness of nervous fibre, its kinship to that petty Old World sensibility, have deceived people ruled or enslaved by it into the belief that they are possessed of a virtue. As a matter of fact they are really suffering from a moral weakness which ultimately

might lead to a chronic mental disease, undermining the whole of their happy intercourse with others, and often their own sanity of mind."

She started and looked at him, but he did not change a muscle of his face as he received her questioning look. She frowned with the exertion of framing her thoughts and then said:

"Are not sensibility and sensitiveness more closely allied and more difficult to distinguish than you seem to admit? Does not the absence of sensitiveness to the actions of people about us argue indifference to them, and a carelessness of our own moral cleanliness, almost of the nature of physical slovenliness with regard to our personal appearance? I should not be pleased to think that one I loved, or even liked, was insensible to the difference between attention and regard and indifference and neglect."

"Yes, you are right there." And he could not help looking into her face and her pensive eyes with a thrill of admiration, while her clear low voice had a tremour of earnestness in it as she spoke. "I agree to a certain amount of sensitiveness with regard to the people we like and respect; but that does not apply to indifferent people, the man whom we do not know well or care to know better. Sensitiveness towards the people we know well and love is a mark of appreciation and esteem paid to them; towards people we do not know well or love is a mark of self-depreciation."

"I admire your epigram; but I do not agree with it wholly," she said. "If I thought that a person I loved and admired could not wound me I should either doubt my affection and regard for him or my own delicacy of perception and self-respect. Nor can it be good to encourage too much in those we love the sense of absolute security

as to the effects of their words and actions, which leads to the sense of irresponsibility, to utter regardlessness, and, as the commonplace has it, finally to contempt."

"Well, I will concede so much to you, and I agree with you up to a certain point. Pull them up sharp, scold them if you will, repel any licentious inroad upon the domain of your dignity or just rights! But do not carry away a wound to your own self-esteem, which it is hard to heal, and which implies want of faith in the wholeness of their relation to you, their general esteem, fondness, or love. Trust and faith are, after all, the very corner-stones of all intimate human relations; and sensitiveness, like jealousy, — in those cases, — implies fundamental lack of faith in others as well as in one's self."

"I also must give in to you," she said, as a softer expression stole over her face and a look of mixed gratitude and admiration met Campbell as he gazed straight into her eyes.

"Still you cannot rob me of the great worship I have of one human virtue, self-respect, — pride in the best and noblest sense of the word, — which causes us to raise our heads the higher, the more the world is against us and tries to force us to bend our necks. I worship this strength; and a man who was not a fighter, who did not stand firmly on his feet, — against the whole world, if need be, — I could never respect or admire."

While she said this she had unconsciously drawn herself up straight as she sat there, and looked straight before her with a fixed and defiant brilliancy in her eyes — she was the amazon, not the nymph.

"Ah, but make sure that he is a true fighter and not a braggadocio or a Don Quixote."

"I love Don Quixote," she threw in. "Don't you know that wonderful passage in Heine's preface to a German translation

of Cervantes in which he breaks a lance for Don Quixote?"

"I do. It is beautiful. Well, love Don Quixote with pity; but don't admire him. Admiration must be complete, for the thing fought for as well as the manner of fighting, — or rather for the reason, the selection of the cause, as well as the courage and indomitable perseverance with which the cause is pursued. Or else you will worship fanatics and madmen as much as true heroes."

"They are all better than cowards, slaves, toadies, and snobs," she said passionately.

"So they are," he continued calmly and firmly, "but those are not the alternatives between which to choose. If you must fight, fight; but do not see enemies where there are none, or mere windmills. Do not waste the sacred flame of beneficent wrath upon unworthy objects or in self-torture, and fritter away the passionate forces that make for heroism upon petty sentiments

that become vulgar in their pettiness, until your soul and all that is lovable in it is eaten away in impotent and sterile vanity and disappointment. Parry and thrust home, but don't mouth or grimace about fighting before you fight, or try to frighten your enemy by passes *au mur*, before the mirror of your wounded vanities."

His calmness gave way to a stern resentment in his voice.

"I know what I am talking about. I have felt the danger myself — who has not?" he continued more softly. "I have seen a friend of mine ruined in character and efficiency by this curse of sensitiveness."

"How was that?" she asked, and her voice was less firm.

"He was a splendid fellow, powerful and refined, with uncommon qualities of heart and mind. But he had the misfortune to be sent to a great public school in the very town in which his father was a petty tradesman

and dissenting minister. He was distinguished and popular at college, and, in spite of all the delicate regard and encouragement which his friends (and I was his greatest friend) could give him, the morbid effect of the cruel bullying he experienced from the (unconsciously) brutal boys at school, the confirmed habit of ascribing all failures or accidental slights to his 'tradesman and dissenting' origin, produced a sensitiveness, a suspiciousness, and, finally, a bitterness in him which counteracted his native amiability, made him not only a difficult, but, at last, an impossible person to live with. He *quarrelled* continually, instead of *fighting* when there was cause; put the world against him by his own perversity; at last warped his mind into eccentricity; and is a lonely, petty schoolmaster now, instead of a leader of men, as he was born to be."

"Why ascribe the fault to him," she said eagerly, "when you mentioned the cause in

the brutal class prejudice you referred to, and the treatment he experienced in his early childhood, which, no doubt, was occasionally renewed in later life? Why are you not angry with the boys at school who murdered his nascent powers, the schools and institutions which allow or encourage this by the very character of their organisation, the society which breeds such moral cankers?"

She uttered these words with a deep indignation, which almost appeared to be directed against him. When he did not answer at once, she looked round at him, and a blush of embarrassment came over her face, and she said softly:

"Oh, I beg your pardon for talking in that tone to *you*. I know you are opposed to these abuses, and are in no way in sympathy with them. I know your life-work is directed towards the checking of these muddy courses at the very fountain-head. Forgive me my impetuosity."

"I certainly forgive you; there is nothing to forgive. I like you for the power of feeling strongly on what is worth strong feeling. But you have just paid me the compliment to say that I was fighting this enemy of humanity and of the spirit of good at his strongholds. That is the main point. Listen to me:

"I reproach my friend with not having realised the wholeness of life, not having distinguished what is important and what is not. He made his own self-respect, or rather, vanity, of greater importance than all the great qualities, and, in consequence, duties and destinies, which ought to have shaped his life. He failed to see the *Proportion of Life*, which is the fundamental principle of right living. Nearly all faults and all disasters, personal, domestic, and public, come from this mistaken vision. Stand on the highest point of your life, of your self, and view things about you with-

out blinkers and without distorting glasses (convex or concave) of momentary and local prejudices, or narrow selfish desires, and you will then appreciate the proportion of life. What is a petty squabble of the day, of a country, town, or district, the provincial prejudice of a set or class, to him whose eyes encompass the world and its past as well as its future? What is a passing disappointment of a set in a narrow community to us to-day, when we put into the scale the Armenian massacres of which you read this morning, in which men, women, and children are butchered, and a fine race is being exterminated; what are these social questions, when compared to the great economical questions, the Eastern, the Far East, the African question, the solution or complication of which will move the whole civilised world one way or the other for centuries? And my friend was made to work at these great movements, to affect

them; his life had bigness in it; but he was not strong enough and big enough in his character to strike great blows at fate, instead of whining at an occasional pin-prick. With all his faculty of concentration of thought in his work, he had not the power of ignoring that which was unessential to his life and was unworthy of his attention, all because of his petty vanity, — or pride and sensitiveness as you would call it. If the highest power of intellect is often to remember and to concentrate attention the highest development of will and character is sometimes to ignore and to forget."

"But," she asked, "how about people who are not big, whose powers and whose life are not cast in the great mould you attribute to your friend? How are they to deal with those general stings, the origin of which they can hardly fix, which remain stings and smart, though they do not kill?"

"They are to assign to them their due

proportion," he answered with emphasis, "to deal with them as little stings, lightly, with the levity which behoves them. You cannot adjust the surface life of society on the principles of science, or even of ethics. Because such social intercourse, the essence and purpose of which lies in the intercourse itself, and not in some ulterior common aim to be achieved in the sphere of utility, truth, or goodness, — because such intercourse is artistic in its nature, neither theoretical, practical, nor ethical. It must therefore be light and playful in its action, must have its qualities in the grace and spontaneous attractiveness of personalities, and their words and deeds. As soon as it loses this spontaneity, like the work of the artist, it loses its social effectiveness. Appeals to truth, goodness, justice, or expediency are of no avail — they are, on the contrary, destructive of social intercourse."

"I really do not quite understand you.

I am sure it is my own density, or that I have not thought much on these subjects. I always fancied that our life, in any and every one of its phases, could never be severed from its ethical results and purposes," Margaret said, and a puzzled expression came over her face manifesting the effort it cost her to follow his thoughts, — which were evidently new to her.

"Quite so. You warn me opportunely not to overstate my case. I am speaking of the art of living sociably, quite apart from the wider life, including the struggle for existence, charity, and the general fellowship of humanity. Of course, society, even in the lightest aspect of its activity, has final ethical aims, by the canons of which we must ultimately test its right of existence and settle its main course. A society, however pleasant in its appearance and flow, which is fundamentally immoral in its tone, structure, and effect — nay, which does not ultimately

tend to bring out the human best in its members — is bad, and ought never to appear pleasant to sane and refined taste. So in the domain of art, its sister sphere in spirit, the immoral, which does not elevate, but lowers, ought in itself to counteract and to dissipate the effect of formal beauty. This is what the German philosopher Kant has called the *Primateship of Practical Reason* or Ethics. Let us all recognise this, and *we* are doing so in the very topic of our own conversation. On the other hand, a social set which is directly founded upon, and consciously, by word and deed, sets itself the task of furthering, intellectual self-improvement, moral elevation, or practical and economical discovery and progress, will be clumsy, ungainly, and *unsocial* in its constitution and working. So also a work of art which is intended directly to illustrate anatomy or Darwinian heredity, to preach charity or self-control, to facilitate commu-

nication or solve a question of currency, will fail to produce any artistic effect. Such societies will certainly produce sets of prigs and pedants who are likely to bore and disgust each other without leading to much self-improvement. Society is more concerned with the manner than with the substance of life — the form is essential to the matter, as in art."

Margaret smiled, while she said: "I am beginning to see your meaning. This question of the manner, I see, is of the greatest importance in social intercourse."

"Not only manner, but *manners*, which are, as regards social intercourse, the canons of proportion and harmony in taste, as the dictates of virtue and righteousness are in our moral life. *Ars est celare artem* applies to the art of living pleasantly together as it does to a picture, a poem, or a song. It is the intentionality, the interested motive which destroys the grace and attractiveness

of action and manners, makes mechanical what ought to be spontaneous and organic, and repels and disgusts us."

"Oh, you are right there, I see that," Margaret said, with a ring of pleased understanding in her voice, "I have so often felt that."

Campbell, whose mode of expression had become labored, now seemed to breathe more freely, as if relieved by overcoming an arduous task, and he continued more rapidly and fluently.

"Take the question we are discussing, — injustice which wounds our pride and sensitiveness in the lightly social sphere, — surely it would not be an effective method of convincing the social culprits to point out that the object of their slight was the worthiest person morally, the most superior person intellectually, and the most successful and efficient person in practical life! They might answer simply: 'That this may all be very

true; but that his boots creaked insufferably, that his talk was heavy and tedious, and his temper uncertain and trying.' And if the wounded man himself resents injustice manifestly — if his true pride and self-esteem are so low as to cast off conventional armour and stand naked before his scoffers — if he deepens his own scratch into a wound, and makes the offence so heavy that it is entirely removed out of the society sphere into the domain of eternal morality and Christian charity, then he may evoke pity and stir up self-reproach in the hearts of the offenders, — neither of which attitudes of mind are conducive to amenable and pleasant social intercourse in a *salon* or a ball-room."

"Oh, you are indeed right," Margaret said, with a tone of serious conviction.

"You see," Campbell continued eagerly, "self-assertion makes recognition from others most difficult. The man who asserts his own virtue, the debt of gratitude which we owe

him, the man with a grievance, — they all incite our opposition, even if what they claim be true. 'Just because you claim it, you shall not have it,' we seem to say. I have often wondered why this should be the case, and why, when I have heard a person lay claim to a virtue or a right which he really possessed, or to a success achieved, even though it be true, I have often felt an uncomfortable distaste, approaching disgust. 'The facts are true, and being true, why should he not know it, and knowing it, why should he humbug and not say it?' I have asked myself. And all the same my revulsion exists."

"Oh, I have so often felt that in life, and in literature, especially with authors like Rousseau. Can you explain why this should be so?" Margaret asked.

"Well, apart from our native sense of opposition and perversity, which makes us resent security and cocksureness, and may

not be quite justifiable, there is a reasonable ground for our mistrust. A thing once said or written becomes fixed, and, as it were, isolated from all the groundwork of its surrounding justifications and qualifications; it becomes more absolute, more gross, and loses its redeeming proportion. Furthermore, as regards the speaker, the altered nature of the thing once said must fix and increase his self-consciousness, and in so far counteract the spontaneity of his manner to us, which the artistic character of social intercourse demands. We are then inclined to suspect interested and intentional motives in what he says and does — he is no longer graceful. It is the curse of injustice that, besides the wrong done us, we suffer a more lasting injury in that we become conscious of our own rights and virtues, and then assert them."

"I now see what you mean by dealing lightly with the blows struck at our own

pride and sensitiveness," Margaret said. "But how would you deal lightly with an affront offered you by implication which you could not ignore?"

"Well, let me give you an instance from my own experience as an illustration. I had a great friend, alas, now dead, who was literally the noblest man, with the largest and warmest heart that I have ever met or ever expect to meet. If I except my father and mother, I owe to him more than to any human being. His justice, strength, and purity, as well as his sympathy and charity, were unfailing and all encompassing. Though he was deeply learned in his own line as few men of our century are, he was still wide-minded and polished in his tastes and manners. And pervading all his kindliness and searching delicacy was a strong sense of humour which gave him, to an exceptional degree, that feeling of life-proportion which he kept duly balanced in him-

self and in his varied surroundings. He was a learned man by profession, and was a Fellow of one of our great colleges.

"One day, while staying at a country house, an octogenarian of distinction, a fellow guest, who had been at the same university years before my friend, not knowing the college to which he belonged (which was St. Paul's), said to him across the dinner table:

"'You come from Oxbridge, sir. Do you not think the Fellows of St. Paul's the greatest blackguards on the face of the earth?'

"There was an uncomfortable pause, and then my friend said quite pleasantly, but seriously, to the old gentleman:

"'I see what you mean, sir.'

"And he did see what he meant. In the days when the old gentleman was at Oxbridge the Fellows of St. Paul's were, in truth, a set of idle, hard-drinking, low-sport-

ing, and generally low-lived people. Since the days of my friend, however, things had completely changed; until it had become the college in that university recognised as possessing the most distinguished and most refined body of Fellows. The remark of the old gentleman had, therefore, truth from his point of view. It was not meant as a personal insult to my friend, as his college was not known. Finally, my friend did not wish to make the old man uncomfortable and miserable for the rest of the evening; nor had he the right to mar the pleasant tone of the party for his host and the rest of the company. On the other hand, he could not acquiesce in the inaccurate statement. His phrase hit the nail on the head; and I have often adopted it myself under similar circumstances."

"It is indeed most apt," Margaret said, with amusement in her voice.

"People do not wish to offend us," Camp-

bell continued with warmth. "There are few who have such bad taste; for we have a right to consider ourselves nice enough. Well-bred people manage not to see much of us, if their dislike amounts to a desire to insult us. These 'insults by implication' ought not to be taken seriously. How often have you heard remarks like: 'Englishmen are coarse in moral fibre, blunt and selfish in manner, a nation of shop-keepers: the Scotch are clannish, dry in spirit, greedy and pushing; the French are untruthful and sensual; the Germans unchivalrous and petty: the Italians slipshod in character, a nation of adventurers: and the Americans sharp and common.' If remarks of this kind, or put in a more refined and moderate manner, are expressed when any member of such a nation is present, need he resent it or feel hurt in his pride? It could not have been meant for him except by people whose coarse rudeness puts them beyond the pale

of any further intercourse. All we need realise is, that these things are said by people who make hasty generalisations on an insufficient basis, or are fond of strong language and over-statements. And we need simply think or say: 'I see what you mean!' Very often there is considerable justification for what they say, and the national failings which even the finest nation may possess, the results of their past history and present conditions of life, may account for the generalisation, though it may not justify the exaggerated form of expression. And why need we be so childish as to be offended by the recognition of our nation's weaknesses, especially when no insult is meant to us; and as they are ignorant of our nationality it is evident that they do not attribute these feelings to us?"

"I grant you that all that may be taken lightly," Margaret said: "they are trivial offences which do not touch the main springs

of life; they can easily be ignored or met lightly. But when your poor friend, the son of the dissenting tradesman, finds that a post in life, in which he can manifest the great powers you said were in him, is closed to him because of such a 'social' prejudice: when an Irishman in America reads in the advertisements 'no Irish need apply;' or an American mother hears that her well-behaved daughter must leave a good private school in which she is making progress and is happy, because the head-mistress informs her that some fashionable parents object to having their daughters in the same school with Jewesses, — can they then remain indifferent and pass it over lightly? Is it enough to say: 'I see what you mean'?"

As she spoke, Margaret's tone became more impassioned and her cheek was aglow with indignation.

"You are right, my dear friend; those are not things to be taken lightly. They are

matters for fight. They go deeper than the mere surface life of society — they have nothing to do with this; and here we can fight and bring heavy guns to bear on the enemy. These are moral and ethical questions and not points of graceful social intercourse and refinement. But, in our fighting, as in our work, let us keep our social life apart, and not lose the ease and naturalness we there require."

"That would be true if the division were all so simple," Margaret rejoined eagerly. "For the social and the more serious spheres of life may overlap, and the general prejudice may extend its poisonous ramifications into the midst of men's social life, and they may not be able to escape from it. Are they then to bend their necks and still to say lightly: 'I see what you mean,' when what is meant is bad, and cruel, and vulgar? How can you ignore these insults when they obtrude themselves upon your attention?"

"Yes, you are right: those are cases that can neither be ignored nor passed over lightly. I will give you an instance that occurred here the other day." And he proceeded to tell her the incident of the three Jewesses and the ball. He had got as far in his account as the sending of the tickets at last, when she burst in with the question:

"But surely they did not go?" and there was a tone of intense indignation and protest in her voice.

"They did," he answered.

"Then they were devoid of all proper pride and utterly contemptible," she continued with some passion. "They deserved any ignoble treatment at the hands of any society. They must have been utterly devoid of all delicacy of feeling and even self-respect."

"I agree with you there. That was a case in which natural pride and dignity of character ought to have guided them."

"What course would you have pursued in such a case," she asked, "in cases of that class?"

"Well, I should have withdrawn from a circle where such low, snobbish, and ignorant ideas prevailed. I should avoid such a set, as not being either interesting or worthy of my intercourse. If the whole place were infected by such a spirit I should avoid the place."

"Exactly," she put in, "that is what I should do."

"But," he continued, "I should take great care to dispel the matter from my mind, as unworthy of my notice, as the people were not fit for my company. The action affected their dignity, not my own, which is not in need of confirmation from them. I should freely choose company congenial to me on positive grounds: and above all, I should exert myself not to allow such an experience to affect my character, my general habit of

looking upon people and of estimating myself."

"I am with you," Margaret said with decision. "But let us be sympathetic. The difficulty remains for them. Those ladies are surely handicapped in their social bearing, as compared with those to whom such things cannot occur; they cannot have the same freedom and grace of manner, when the possibility of such an affront is always before them."

"Well," he answered, "the world is large, in reality and in our thoughts. If a prejudice exists in one place or in one set we can keep out of the way of it; and if we cannot always keep it away from our eyes, then there is the moral and intellectual power of ignoring that minor part of existence, and of concentrating our thoughts and energies upon the more important, more noble, and more beautiful things of life. In this my unhappy friend was wanting.

Society and that phase of gregarious social life are after all not important. We can always have work, the higher pleasures, and friends; we are almost better off not to be in touch with anything that calls itself society or is recognised by the newspapers as such."

"I heartily agree with you," she said earnestly. "Still, I am filled with indignation when I think of what, for instance, Jews in Germany must suffer from the so-called Anti-Semitic movements, which do not turn on definite rights which they can fight for, and still the persecutions can never be ignored."

"I warmly assent to that," Campbell said eagerly. "Were I a Jew in Germany—and, perhaps, the most refined and gentlemanlike friends I have here are Jews—I should either have to leave the country or to fight duels every week.

"Now, to sum up most of what we have

been discussing: I still hold that in social matters we must not encourage sensitiveness and pride. The person offended cannot fight for his social rights with effect upon others or without loss of dignity and grace of demeanour to himself. But we others, those who see the wrong and are not affected by it, must stand up and fight. That's what I mean to do wherever I have an opportunity; that is the sphere where chivalry in modern times can manifest itself. On the other hand, let the victims of such prejudice not make our task difficult, and let them accept freely and graciously the friendly hand which we offer without reserve and the service of honour which we do without any claim upon gratitude.

"Amen," he said.

And she whispered "Amen."

Then they rose and returned home.

VII

WHATEVER the effect of this conversation may have been upon Margaret, it certainly occupied Campbell's thoughts for the rest of the day. His indignation at such actions as the matter of the dance was, if anything, increased, and his determination to fight such abuses wherever and whenever they came in his way was made firmer.

He began to consider the three Jewesses of the dance more charitably, thought of the possibility that they might not have realised all the preliminary discussion about them, and decided in his mind that people who were at all open to such affronts ought to be judged more leniently. He decided that, during his stay at Homburg, he would still stand by them, and, as a first practical step, he recalled the fact that he was invited to take a walk with the Prince of Gallia the afternoon of the next day, and to dine with

him at the Kurhaus in the evening, and he decided to broach the matter to him if an opportunity offered itself. This opportunity came in a most natural manner in the course of his walk with his royal friend.

For the Prince of Gallia was really his friend. At all events, his own feelings for the Prince were those of a warm attachment. What drew Campbell to him with real affection was the deep humanity in the nature and mode of action of this Prince. He was truly loyal and warm hearted, full of genuine human kindness, always anxious to help or to do some good or graceful action to whomsoever he met, high or low. Campbell, when he thought of him, always remembered him as he saw him one day in his country home, taking the greatest pains to put a shy young curate, who had been asked in at the eleventh hour to avoid thirteen at dinner, at his ease. He had paid more attention to this simple youth than to any

of the great people who were guests in the royal house. This to Campbell was the key-note to the Prince's character.

The Prince was also fond of Campbell and fond of his society. In fact, Campbell, in his wide circle of acquaintances among all conditions of men and in many countries, counted a number of royal friends who were all much attached to him. This may have astonished many people, who did not know him well. He had satisfied himself on this point by saying to himself: "So long as I am nice to my humblest friends and my servants, I have a right to be nice to princes who like my company and whose society I like." One of the reasons why he got on so well with people of this condition was, that he was perfectly free and natural with them, and, barring the necessary formalities, which he adhered to as an officer obeys discipline in the army, he viewed them truly and appreciated or avoided them

for their good qualities or faults as he did all other people. He asked no favours and had no personal interests to push, nor did he even wish to profit in social prestige by his intercourse with them. This they knew or felt, and this, no doubt, was one reason why his pleasant and interesting personality had free sway over their affections.

Still, it sometimes may have evoked comment that a radical politician should be the personal friend of princes. And during his walk with the Prince a question on this point, put by the Prince himself, set the talk in the direction which Campbell was longing to give it.

While they were walking in the woods the Prince had at first talked over with Campbell the prospects of an educational institution in the welfare of which they were both deeply interested, and the means of raising funds for its support. When they

had dismissed this subject, the Prince turned to him and said:

"Campbell, you know I don't talk party politics, but I have often wondered what views a man like you, whose general political ideas I know, has of monarchy and the position of a monarch. Do you mind telling me?"

With the exception of the foreign politics of the Empire, concerning which the Prince would sometimes talk and manifest considerable thought, insight, and grasp, he had never heard him express opinions on political questions of the day. He evidently did not think it right to interfere with them.

"Well, Sir," Campbell answered, "if it interests and pleases you to know what I think, I may venture to tell you. Of course I have had to think on this question and to make up my mind, up to a certain point. Whatever my final ideas of government may be, I think that the constitutional

monarchy as we have it is, for us as we are, the best thing.

"Of course you must know, Sir, that I am aware of all the arguments against hereditary monarchy, and feel their force. The arguments in its favor which affect me most strongly are, among others, these: First, I think the stability of an administrative head, in what is, after all, a republican form of government by the people, a great advantage; especially as it allows the questions of real and practical importance among the people to come to the fore, undistracted by the constant struggle and passions moving round the general form and constitution of the government as such. Then, as things human are, the consciousness that the responsibility and the bearings of each act on the part of the head of the state do not end with his life or the term of office, but that, when he even works selfishly for his immediate posterity, the consequences recoil

upon the family — this may tend to make far-sighted action more real and intense. But the really important function of a monarch is, to my mind, social."

"How do you mean that?" asked the Prince.

"Well, Sir, I believe that the social position which a monarch holds may be turned to the greatest practical use. It is a power which cannot be exercised in the same direct way by any other force in modern society. A king can make fashionable whatever he likes. And I believe that fashion is most effective in fixing a social, and even a moral, tone. When duelling and a certain wildness of life were in fashion no preaching could counteract them. But make them unfashionable, and disapproval works its way through all layers of society. The social and moral tone of a nation thus lies to a certain extent in the hand of a monarch. It is one of the many reasons why I deplore so

deeply the premature death of the Emperor Frederick; because I feel sure he would, in a country where the army and bureaucracy set the social tone, have brought intellectual and artistic life to the forefront of social esteem, and would have made what is really the best at the same time the most fashionable."

"That certainly would put great powers and responsibilities upon us. Do you think our power in this respect works so directly and effectively?"

"I do, Sir," Campbell continued more eagerly; and he felt that his opportunity had arrived. "When, for instance, people are snobbishly excluded from higher social circles the ruler can stultify prejudice by recognising the people thus wronged. Take the prejudices against certain vocations in life, nationalities, beliefs, the movements against the Jews."

And he now recounted the instance of

the three ladies. He was right in his estimate of the Prince's character in this respect. He detested such unchivalrous action, and he at once asked Campbell to introduce the ladies to him at the earliest opportunity; while, with his fondness for chaff, he said to Campbell, lifting his finger warningly, when they parted:

"But I also want to know the other young ladies with whom you are always seen, and whom, I am told, you keep entirely to yourself. I shall see you at dinner this evening." And shaking hands, they parted.

VIII

THE Prince's dinner-party on the terrace of the Kurhaus that evening was a very pleasant one. He was entertaining a Russian Grand Duke, with his wife, a real *grande dame* in appearance, bearing, and manner, and her charming sister; old Lady

Sarah Mannering, a cross between a motherly friend and a good fellow; two distinguished peeresses, mother and daughter, and an English peer of the sporting type, with his good-natured spouse: Sir Harry Ruston, the veteran king of war correspondents and most witty and sparkling of talkers, who never wounded with his wit: Campbell, and the Prince's *aides-de-camp*.

Campbell was seated between the Grand Duke's sister-in-law and the younger peeress, and could not have had pleasanter neighbours. But he was somewhat preoccupied; for, in winding among the tables to join his party, he had passed that of the three Jewesses, who were dining with quite a party of their own. He had bowed in a more affable manner than before, and they had smiled at him in a friendly way: but again followed him with their lorgnettes held up to their eyes. He could not help dwelling upon the talk he had had with Margaret

the day before, and the sweet and solemn spirit of the girl was over him and kept him from joining freely in the sprightly talk about him.

In spite of the good cheer, he was relieved when the Prince gave the signal for rising.

While he was helping the Prince on with his cape, he whispered:

"Those three ladies are here, Sir."

"Take me to them," the Prince said, and bade his guests wait one minute, while he advanced with Campbell towards the table of the three Jewesses.

"They are at that middle table in front of us, Sir. May I go and tell them?"

"What, those three tall ladies in white?" the Prince asked.

"Yes, Sir," said Campbell.

The Prince gave an amused chuckle, hardly able to contain his mirth.

"Why, those are the Princesses of Rixenblitz-Galgenstein, a mediatised family of the

north of Germany; they are related to most of the royal families of Europe; they are some sort of cousins of mine."

And he advanced to the table, all the party rising as he greeted the ladies.

"My friend Mr. Campbell was just going to introduce me to you," he said to the ladies. "He made a mistake which only does you and him honour," he added, looking at Campbell, who stood in some confusion and embarrassment.

As they had also finished their dinner, the Prince asked them to join him, and both parties went down to the music, where the front seats had, by a kind of tradition, been reserved for the Prince. It was here that they listened to the music, and gave an opportunity to people to stare at the Prince, a practice in which many, especially English old maids, were persistently assiduous.

Campbell sat between two of the sisters. He conversed freely with them, and their

manners seemed much better than when he had first met them. Was it owing to the fact that he was now a more fully accredited person, or rather that his mind was free from all prejudice? Some features which had disturbed him before, such as the imperfect English, were now satisfactorily accounted for. But some others, their bad manners and bad dancing, he could not forgive them.

On breaking up, the Prince nudged Campbell, amused with the good joke against him, and said threateningly: "Now, mind you, I want to know the other ladies you keep from us!"

As he walked home he wondered as to what his unbiassed attitude to the Princesses ought to be. He decided in his mind that he ought to conform to the rules of etiquette whenever he met them; but that, as they in no way attracted him in themselves and were not congenial to him, he was not to

seek their company or any more intimate acquaintanceship. He could not help contrasting the charm and grace of Margaret and her sisters with the hard, self-centred, and awkward manners of these Princesses. And thus, thinking of Margaret again, he entered his room and found on his table a note which he opened and read with growing interest. It was from Margaret, and ran:

Dear Mr. Campbell: I have been thinking and thinking on all that you said to-day. You can hardly have realised how every word applied to my own case, or the deep impression your words have made. I feel as though that conversation of yesterday marked an epoch in my life. I am not exaggerating when I say this, nor when I assure you that I shall be grateful as long as I live for the influence you have thus exercised over me.

My sisters and I are thankful to you for your kindness to us during the last days of our stay here when we needed such kindness most. You have converted what I thought would be a period of misery into one of exceptional happiness.

Our stay is now coming to an end. We leave to-

morrow afternoon for Frankfurt, where we join our relations on our way back to England.

May I ask as a last kindness that you will come for a walk with me to-morrow morning at 9.30? There is something I must tell you, which, when I consider all your unreserved confidence, I ought, perhaps, to have told you before. And I should not like to leave without having told you freely what may not be of any import to you, but what has so filled my whole mind during these last days that I almost look upon it as a matter kept by me from your knowledge, which you had a claim to know.

Do not trouble to answer if you can join me here at 9.30 to-morrow.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

MARGARET LEWSON.

His thoughts were with her as he lay awake in bed, and when resolution had quieted his mind tossing about on the waves of passion, he fell asleep to dream of her.

IX

THE next morning he arose early and sent his valet to Margaret with a note saying that if it made no difference to her he would propose that they should bicycle instead of walking.

So it was that at half-past nine they started on their bicycles and took their way towards the Tannenwald and the Saalburg.

Margaret wore the same costume as on the first day of their meeting. She did not say much after the greeting; and as they rode on silently she seemed absorbed in thoughts that were weighing on her mind. When he told her that the Prince wished to make her acquaintance and that of her sisters she answered quietly and firmly:

"I am afraid that cannot be; for we must leave this afternoon. I hope it will not appear rude. It is kind of him and kind of you, and I appreciate it fully."

As with common consent, they rode on through the avenue and then turned up the hill, dismounting and pushing their machines. When they came to the little path into the woods Campbell led the way and Margaret followed. Soon they were at the beautiful spot with the spring.

When they arrived there a haze was over the plains and valley and over the houses of Homburg; but the sky was bright above them and promised a fair and warm day. There were a few clouds which were still hiding the sun, drawn up by the sun's warmth to hide its brilliant light for a time; but he sent his curtained rays through the cloudlets, and they were slowly melting away.

Campbell arranged two seats with dry boughs and pine needles, and she sat beside him, both looking over the plain below, their eyes shielded from the sunlight by the passing mist and clouds.

Margaret began after a short pause. Her

voice was at first colourless and she spoke without signs of emotion.

"What has been occupying my mind during the days I have known you, and has been upon my spirits with deadening weight, is the insult which we experienced the day before I met you.

"We are the three Jewesses who had tickets refused them for the dance, and for whom you so nobly entered the lists. I will tell you how it happened.

"When we arrived here in high spirits about three weeks ago, it was with some English friends of ours who had persuaded us to join them. With their friends and some of our own, among whom were some American ladies with whom I had been at school, and who had enjoyed the hospitality of my father's house, we had a pleasant circle, and joined in all the amusements of the place. We were fond of dancing and took part in several of these dances.

"On the day preceding the dance in question an Englishman of our acquaintance asked us to go, and said he would procure the tickets. But the tickets did not come that day nor on the morning or afternoon of the dance, and we at last had to notice that the Englishman endeavored to escape meeting us. In his avoidance of us, as well as in his manner when circumstances threw us together, he manifested such embarrassment, that after he told us, with many apologies, 'that the numbers were full and there were no more tickets to be had' the truth dawned upon us. The explanations which he thought it necessary to make in addition made the refusal clear. In the evening, just before dinner, a messenger came to our lodgings, evidently despatched in haste, with the tickets, sent by a person unknown to us.

"Of course we did not go. But the blow it was to me I can hardly convey to you. I began to see everything in the light of that

affront, and perhaps innocent deeds and remarks made by some of the ladies before, strangenesses of manner, all appeared in a new and, as I thought, true aspect against the background of this insult. Oh, the misery it was to us! We should have left at once had we not made an appointment with our relations whom we meet to-day. But we decided to keep out of the way of any possible further slight. This experience was certainly beginning to sadden, if not to embitter my life. And then we met you, and your kindness, especially your talk yesterday, has counteracted the evil. It came in good time, and I feel sure it has saved me from a grave moral disease which was beginning to lay its hold upon me. I thank you warmly for this.

"But I should be conveying a wrong impression to you were I to lead you to believe that this Homburg experience was an absolute surprise to me, with the

nature of which I had been completely unfamiliar.

"It is true that for the greater part of my life I remained quite ignorant of the existence of such a prejudice; nor have the results ever before made themselves directly and grossly felt by me or my family. Our home in New England was a very happy one, and our circle of friends was wide and varied. My father's house formed a hospitable centre for intellectual intercourse. Though we knew nothing of a synagogue, I was aware of the differing religious and sacred traditions of our own, and, I must confess, that when I did dwell upon them it was only with pride — nay, with a strong dash of dreamy romance. Emerson, who was a friend of my father's, Channing and the Boston Unitarians and Rationalists, were the intellectual guides to our religious convictions: and the Jewish faith I looked upon with pride as the foundation of spiritual monotheism for all times.

Moses was to me the forerunner of all these modern theists.

"My mother's family sprang from that old group of Newport Jews, most of whom have been lost as Jews by intermarriage among the old New England families. And when at Newport I passed the park and monument of Touro, whose kin I was, and saw the old graveyard of the Jews, I would read and recite Longfellow's poem on this Jewish cemetery and would feel imbued with the poetic spirit surrounding these people, their heroism and martyrdom, against which the picture of the 'Mayflower' Puritans would fade into colourless commonplace.

"My father's family had been more recently English, as I told you. But I would listen with rapt attention as a child to his beautiful account of the life and sufferings of his ancestors in Spain and England, and I perused and devoured with avidity the literature relating to these Span-

ish Jews. The King of the Chasari, converted to Judaism in the eighth century, the philosopher Maimonides, the poet Judah ben Halevy, were heroes of mine; and the brilliant and refined life of the great Jews of Spain and Portugal was the sphere in which I loved to dwell in charmed imagination, as much as any nobleman can dwell with delight upon the exploits of his mediæval ancestors. Born in America, I was especially pleased to run across a treatise published a few years ago which showed what direct share Jews had in the enterprise of Columbus, to the astronomical and geographical data for which they contributed, and in which several Jews participated.

"But the figure I admired most was my own ancestor Don Isaac Abrabanel, and I loved to read of his life. The picture given by the few words in which he describes his life before his expulsion from Portugal by

the Inquisition was constantly in my mind, and I built upon it dreams of the past. 'Peaceably,' the old man wrote of himself, 'I lived in my father's house in the far-famed Lisbon, and God had showered upon me many blessings, wealth, and honour. I had built great edifices and vast halls: my house was a centre for the learned and the wise. I was beloved in the palace of Alphonso, a mighty and just king, under whom the Jews were free and enjoyed prosperity. I was closely tied to him: he leant upon me, and, as long as he lived, I freely entered the palace.'

"One of my favourite heroines was Maria Nuñes, who was sent from Portugal by her distinguished mother in the ship of Jacob Tirado. An English frigate captured the Portuguese vessel. The commander, an English duke, was so much attracted by Maria that he offered her marriage and was refused. When the captives were led to

London the beauty of Maria caused such a sensation that Queen Elizabeth was anxious to make the acquaintance of the girl who had refused a duke. She invited her to an audience and drove through the streets of London with her. It was through her influence that the captive Marranos were enabled to leave England, and she worked for her people when they were settled in Holland.

"With all these thoughts of the past, I still lived wholly and with pure delight in the present and the future, and I was specially responsive to social pleasures. I even think that I was not free from the 'social' ambition to shine and be prominent in the circles which are widely recognised as leading the tone, that fills the hearts of so many young women, often to the exclusion and extinction of all nobler aspirations. And my cravings were fully satisfied. Dances, parties of all kinds, visits to fashionable resorts, and,

above all, our own beautiful house and home, — all these I had, and they gave me opportunities of playing a prominent social part.

"But I was by main force made aware of the existence of prejudice, though it did not touch my deeper emotional experience and sympathy. For it was not directed immediately against me and my own people. It only touched the surface of my apprehension, without making me really suffer myself or suffer in sympathy with others. I read of the Anti-Semitic movements abroad; but, except for momentary bursts of indignation, and a great contempt for the country and people where such vulgar folly and ignorance prevailed, no lasting or deeper impressions were made upon me.

"I cannot say the same for the manner in which I occasionally overheard my friends, especially my women friends, refer to other Jewish women during our travels, or at

some of our favourite fashionable resorts. These references stigmatised them as something of the nature of social outcasts. I began to think it over; a sense of resistance, of indignation at the injustice, began to grow in me; and with it a prick of conscience whether I ought not to associate myself with the ranks of these weaker ones with whom I was so intimately connected by ties of history and tradition. But the remoteness of these experiences as regarded myself, the freshness of my youthful spirits, and the fulness of my pleasant and varied life carried me over it. Still I began to think of the matter, and, at all events, while I was beginning to lose the absolute lightness and *naïveté* of my social bearing, I was prepared to receive these experiences in the very heart of my sensitiveness.

"And then came this blow here; and with it all the intensity and bitterness of the feelings over which a thoughtless and

youthful temperament had caused me to slur. In those few days I lived my whole life over again. I reproached myself sternly with disloyalty to those unfortunate ones, by whom, as the better favoured and stronger, I ought for years to have stood. I realised how much *they* must have suffered: and I vowed that from that day I would stand under their colours and fight for them. A great resentment, not only against the offenders, but against society in general, was beginning to fix itself permanently in my heart.

"And then you came, and by the delicacy and generous kindness of your manner you softened my mood; while, by the clear and supreme reasonableness of what you have said, you showed me the true *proportion of life* in general, and of my own life in particular. Last night in bed 'I stood upon the highest point of my life and self,' and saw stretched out before me, as this plain

lies at our feet, the world of people, things, and events, and my own little life among them, and I see clearly what I ought to do — which makes me intensely happy.

"I mean to fight for these people with the weapons which my feeble hands are capable of wielding; and still I wish to struggle against bitterness in my own heart, and strive to retain the freshness and lightness — and grace, if I have such — of pleasant intercourse with the people I meet.

"The hateful prejudice is chiefly based upon ignorance of the past and present life of the Jews. I am in a position to know both, and to make them known to others. I shall continue my studies of the non-biblical and non-theological history of the Jews, and shall then strive to make it widely known in the beautiful English language which I love to wield, however imperfectly. This will be some real work for me to do; it will be 'fighting' and not 'quarrelling.' As

for my social life, I wish to forget and to ignore the fight, to accept and select my friends as heretofore, and above all, to accept with 'gratitude and gracefulness' any noble friendship which is nobly offered me, such as you, my dear friend, have been moved to bring within my reach."

There was a touching solemnity in her voice as she uttered these last words, and still looking straight before her in the distance, she extended her hand to him. He rose from his seat, and grasped her hand.

"No," he said passionately, "it is not friendship which I offer you, Margaret, — it is love, the purest love of a man, the purest love of my life. Do not spurn it! From the first moment my eyes gazed on you, I was full of your image, of your whole being, and I can never tear myself from you. You are my queen, and I your humble slave. I bless you, you sweetest woman, in all

humility. Your fight shall be my fight, your peace and joy shall be mine, and I shall always be wholly yours. Listen, you sweet girl, let me be sober. I am an ordinary man, who has lived an ordinary life; *I* have not much to be proud of in my past, but nothing dishonourable that I need be ashamed of. I come from simple people, my ancestors commonplace lairds in the rough and arid hills of Scotland; I have not the poetry of the great traditions of your race and family to beautify and mellow the music of my soul: but let me thrill with it from you, let me feel the resonance of a great moral purpose and struggle which for centuries of steadfastness and martyrdom have ripened and ennobled your race. Margaret, be mine wholly. Can you not love me? Do you not care for me a little only?"

She sat motionless, her hand resting in his, her eyes still fixed before her; but

her nostrils and lips quivered, as she said feebly:

"I do and have, more than I wished to."

"Oh, bless you for that, my queen! How lovely you are! — if you knew it you would waste yourself in self-adoration. Come and see!"

And with that he drew her by the hand to the silent pool, and they knelt down, and with heads close together they gazed into its limpid depths.

It had been mysteriously dark on that first afternoon. But now the sun touched its smooth, clear, unruffled surface, and they gazed each upon the image of the other reflected from the pure, bright mirror, and drank themselves drunk with the sight of the face they each loved.

Then he rose, and drew her up close to him, with gentle strength. She resisted, but he whispered:

"Margaret, can you not put trust in me?"

And he kissed her lips, she clinging to him in a long embrace.

Then they turned and gazed once more upon the lovely scene at their feet. The sun had dissipated the clouds before it, and the haze hovering over the plain. The landscape was laughing in purest light; Homburg lay there like a child smiling and resting in the meadows. All was gladness.

X

MARGARET and her sisters left that afternoon. They did not wait to be presented to the Prince. Campbell and his love wrote to each other every day. He then joined them in England.

In six months they were married and are the happiest couple I know. She has published some articles, and is now writing a book, on the history of the Jews. He takes an active interest in her work, as she is

keenly interested in his. She is a great favourite in London society, and a charming hostess. There is no house where more interesting people are met than at the Campbells'. Her manners are perfect in their grace and naturalness — especially with the best-bred and really superior people. With those not of the absolutely best breeding one may occasionally notice a certain hesitation and constraint in her bearing. She is herself not drawn to Homburg; but, knowing that it is good for his health, she accompanies him to the place, and likes it when once she is there. They invariably make a pilgrimage to the pool in the woods.

CUI BONO?

IT was about five o'clock on a drizzly afternoon early in October when James Causton, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, arrived at Victoria Station from the Continent, and at once drove to his lodgings in Half Moon Street. He had spent a delightful holiday in Switzerland, with some Alpine climbing, of which he was passionately fond; and, after descending into Italy, he had lounged for a few days at Cadenabbia on the Lake of Como, taking what he called a sun-bath. This consisted for a great part of lying in a boat, now dipping into a favourite book, now dreaming as he gazed over the lake dotted with its villas or towards the fringe of lofty mountains straining upwards as if to meet a serene blue sky.

But this holiday had abruptly terminated, owing to some special work which he was called to do at his college, where his suc-

cessful researches into classical literature, and further afield, into comparative philology and mythology, had won for him a position of weight and prominence. He had therefore travelled direct without intermission from Lugano through Lucerne to Basle, where he had caught the night express, and, by good luck, had found a berth in the sleeping-cars. Thus, in just over thirty hours he was transferred from the Lake of Como to Half Moon Street, Piccadilly.

And an abrupt change it was: not only a change in surroundings, — from the placid sunny lake to the dim noisy streets of the metropolis, — but also, and partly, in consequence, a change in his mood, from the unreflecting passive repose of his silent communion with nature to the restless anticipation of work to come and the distracting uncertainty of what to do next in the world's city where there was so much to do.

After he had taken his bath and dressed for dinner this question of what to do next filled him with perplexing unrest; and with it came a sense of hopeless depression and a distasteful loneliness which he had not experienced when alone on some mountain-side in the high Alps. It was not the sense of loneliness which spreads its dark wings over a man arriving in the great metropolis as a total stranger; for he knew his London well, belonged to several clubs, and had innumerable friends residing there. There was a stronger admixture of unrest and uncertainty which came from his very familiarity with the place, from the very knowledge that he had so many social relations to it, and that, for the moment, he could fix upon none with certainty and definiteness to free him from the obsession of melancholy which was laying hold of him.

Where was he to go? Who was in London at that time of the year? At what door

should he knock which, if the owner were there, would no doubt be readily opened to him? Was it worth while trying Mr. This or Mrs. That, who had so often pressed him "to look them up when in town," with the chance of a lonely footman or a slatternly caretaker answering the bell after a long interval and informing him that the master or mistress was in the country, in Scotland, or abroad? No, really, it was not worth trying any house.

And as for clubs! Was he to try the serious Savonian or the stately Minerva, where, if he met any men, he would be put by them into the mood of the work he was to face at Oxford, and would breathe the atmosphere which he wished to dispel from himself as long as possible?

"No," he said, rising with brighter determination, and throwing off the heavy inactivity of his doubts, "I shall go to the Buckingham, where there is no suggestion

of 'sap,' where an air of homely elegance pervades every room, where, at all events, I shall have a good dinner, beautifully served, and where, if I do meet anybody, I shall receive suggestions of what, in my present mood, will replace the sun and the artistic reminiscences of Italy; namely, the healthy, fresh, out-of-door life and the unostentatious spirit of social comfort of England."

So he strode down Piccadilly into St. James Street, and as he walked down this broad thoroughfare, under the light of the street lamps, and turned into Pall Mall, his step had already become light and energetic; he had a clear goal before him, and he began to appreciate and to enjoy the familiarity of London street-life, with its numerous suggestions of good and evil.

As he entered the Club the hall porter informed him that letters had come, off and on, during the last few months, but that,

according to instructions, he had forwarded them to Oxford. While he was helped off with his top-coat he cast an eager glance at the hat-racks to see whether there was any other member in the Club. His heart sank when he saw his own top-hat in solitary resplendence on the wall; and the mood which overcame him was almost as black, and his brain seemed to be as empty, as was his solitary head-gear. Still there was some hope that, as was the custom, some member might be in the upper room with his hat on. So he ascended the thickly-carpeted staircase to the front smoking-room, where, however, he found the papers in undisturbed order, and not a soul to enjoy its cosey comfort, which struck him now as blank and cheerless.

It was seven o'clock. Another hour before he could dine. The large room was well lit with electric light; while the fire, blazing brightly, seemed to mix its red and

yellow gleam with the pale white of the electric light.

Causton took up an evening paper and let himself down heavily into one of the large easy-chairs before the fire. He glanced over the headings, skimmed through the news, foreign and personal, but soon rose impatiently. He walked to one of the round tables at the far end of the room, turned the leaves of some of the English and foreign reviews and magazines, thought he saw an article which would interest him, sat down, and began to read it. But after a few pages he rose abruptly and threw the review on the table. He touched a bell, and when a servant entered noiselessly he asked:

"Was anybody in the Club this afternoon?"

"Very few, sir," the waiter replied. "There were quite a number here yesterday; but this afternoon I only saw the Marquis

of Brentwood and Lord Sevenoaks. There may have been some others, sir, but I did not see them."

"Very well," he said, and turned away, feeling almost ashamed for having asked so much, as if he had peered into the affairs of other people.

He then lit the electric light at one of the writing-tables and mechanically began to write some letters. He was always behindhand with his extensive correspondence, and used every available spare minute to regain lost ground. But, after writing one or two short notes to Oxford, which at once suggested themselves to him, he could not think of any others, though he knew there were many he had to write. He looked at his watch again, having done so several times before, and though it still wanted quarter of an hour to eight he decided to dine.

"How stupid we are," he said to himself, "to cling to a rule like galley-slaves! Here

I am, hungry and bored, and I force myself to wait, simply because it has been my habit not to dine before eight." And with this he entered the dining-room.

It was a long rectangular room, with light-coloured walls, decorated with good prints, sporting, shooting, and hunting, — light, without being frivolous, as befits a dining-room. Small square tables were placed round the walls, side by side, with a narrow passageway between them. These were all meant for single diners, who sat with their backs to the wall, leaving the other three sides of the table unoccupied. The diners could thus converse with one another, even across the room ; while the tables could be moved together, and bring those who desired it closer. For dinner-parties a special room was reserved on the upper floor.

When Causton entered, one of the servants, as was the custom, pulled one of the

tables from the wall, and when he had seated himself, closed him in. He sat as in a stronghold from which he could overlook the whole room, and, especially, could control the door, towards which his eyes turned expectantly every now and then.

As yet the only living objects he could feast his eyes on were the waiters. They certainly had a *cachet* of their own in this club, from the severe *maître d'hôtel*, thin, short, with grey whiskers, the type of a foreign diplomat, generally in a frock-coat, and the cheerful-looking, tall, stout butler in faultless evening dress, to the waiters in their quiet blue liveries with gilt buttons, their black breeches with gold knee-straps, their black silk stockings and buckle shoes. They all seemed to have attained the height of discipline and of deportment. They moved about noiselessly, without crawling or manifesting that nerve-vexing determination to do things quietly which makes some

walk and act as if they were in a sick-room or a mortuary chamber. They bore themselves with simple, dignified politeness, without a touch of the obsequiousness which disturbs Englishmen in most foreign servants; and their accurate and unfailing appellation of the members by their several titles had a touch rather of military discipline than of servility.

Causton had ordered a small dinner: Consommé à la Reine, soles à la Chantilly, and a grouse. The cooking was always excellent, the materials of the best, and the wines were pure and well selected. As a rule he chose a pint of simple Mosel wine — a Berncastler Doctor; but on this occasion he felt he required additional cheering; so he chose an '84 champagne.

The good fare began to cheer him, and a warm feeling of contentment, arising out of the physical comfort which began to lap round him, was making itself felt, when

suddenly the dining-room door was opened and was almost literally filled with the tall figure of a man who reflected in his kind good face the same joyful expression of agreeable surprise which beamed from Causton's radiating countenance.

Prince Victor of Mecklenburg-Gotha was a man of colossal stature, nearly seventy years of age. He was over six feet three inches in height, and proportionately broad and strong. In his youth he must have been one of the handsomest men in England. Now he had certainly grown too heavy and stout, though his great height saved him from the appearance of obesity. His features had also lost some of their clear-cut character, a loss which could not completely obliterate or hide the native distinction of the face. His hair and beard were now grey, but they still showed that originally they must have been very fair. The leading traits of the man were a fundamental

bonhomie, not unmixed with an element of humourous shrewdness, a solid, heavy, and apparently even, slow nature, which, however, was pervaded and refined throughout by a delicacy and native simplicity and purity which so often accompany the more weighty qualities in the natures of big men.

What made him a unique figure in the London world was this mixture of the sportsmanlike and military turn of his nature and manner with the softer and more sentimental German side which was hereditary in himself, and so marked a feature in his family. He had left his German home at the age of thirteen, being a nephew of the Queen of England, and had been in the English service ever since, fighting at Inkermann, and subsequently commanding several posts in the empire. He had always been a smart soldier, and even now his heart was in military matters; while most of his leisure time was taken up with charitable organisa-

tions of which he was chairman, or, at all events, an active member of the committee. Some matter of this kind had brought him to town on the present occasion.

"I am indeed glad to see you," he said to Causton, shaking hands and bidding the young man, who remained standing, to sit down again. "I did not expect to find anybody here. I only ran up to town on some business of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. They are making a mess of their affairs, and I felt bound to attend. Yes, thank you, the Princess is quite well. I left her down in Dorsetshire, where I have been shooting with my brother-in-law. I return there to-morrow. But where have you been, and what great discoveries have you made since last we met?"

Having seated himself at the small table beside Causton and ordered his dinner, he waited to hear an account of the young man's work and recent experiences.

But this time Causton could not gratify him with any news of his own work or that of his colleagues, as he had so often done, delighted to find an intelligent man, busy with occupations so different from his own, interested in his studies. This feature of eagerness to learn, which the Germans indicate so happily by the word "*Wissbegierde*" (in contradistinction to curiosity, "*Neugierde*"), was another of his most striking traits.

Without wishing to lay in cheaply a large stock of information to be doled out lightly on suitable occasions, or for any purposes of ostentation, — in fact, with no ulterior aim, — all sound knowledge and the work of all men of science, letters, and arts were to him of superior interest, and he acquired such information with genuine gratitude. It was the spirit which moved his ancestor, the friend and patron of Goethe. He was always on the alert for learning in any

sphere. When in Dublin it was a test question with him put to every one who had visited that town: "Have you ever been to see Grubb's workshops?" Grubb was the famous maker of mathematical and physical instruments in that city. "No? My dear sir, then you have not seen one of the most intensely interesting sights of Dublin."

His hospital house, and his excellent dinners at a round table, prepared by a real *cordon bleu*, brought together people of all callings and interests, and the prevailing tone of kind old soldier's hospitality tended to give a warm and homelike character to these gatherings, so that his house never became a *salon* with a "*precious*" or Bohemian touch.

When Causton had given an account of himself, and was just thinking of some news to tell his old friend, the door opened with an abrupt shove, and a ruddy-faced,

tall, strong, beardless man stepped in, who, looking around slowly, manifested clearly, but with less eagerness than the two previous guests, his pleasure at seeing the two diners at their tables.

He bowed to the Prince and nodded to Causton, and, after shaking the proffered hand, said:

"What a beastly hole London is at this time of the year! Nothing would keep me here. 'Tis only two hunters I am after, and old screws they prove to be. So I have lost two good days' cubbing. But I think I shall go down to Leicestershire by the late train to-night to catch them out to-morrow. How do you come to be in this hole, Sir, now?" he asked the Prince.

"I also have some business; but I don't agree to London being so bad now," replied the Prince. "I have often been here at this time of the year and I have found it singularly pleasant. People are not in the

bustle and hurry of pleasure or work as in the season, and one really gets to see them quietly and to know them better. Besides, London has so many resources in the way of things to hear, see, and to study, which one only realises properly and takes in leisurely and fully out of the season."

"Well, I always feel lost — not that I like it much in the season either," said the newcomer.

Draycott Fielding was a splendid type of the master of foxhounds. He was a true sportsman, heart and soul, and put serious energy and conscientious work into this healthy national out-of-door amusement of old England, providing pleasure and health for a large number of people of all classes. He was not the man of leisure who, as a *rentier* in other countries, dawdles about all day long, from café to beer-house or club, from a lazy town life to a still more idle existence in the various watering-places of

Germany and France; but "what his hand found to do he did it with his might." Hunting hounds was what he had found to do. He knew every inch of the country he hunted, all the theory and practice of wood-craft, all about horses and hounds. Every one of his own horses he knew thoroughly, and every hound of the pack as well as the stud-groom or the kennel-huntsman. He had once given Causton a glowing account of his new hunting-box, the ideal of houses in the ideal country. "Why," he had said, "I can sit in my kennels and hear the choir sing — even the sermon — in the church."

He was also an excellent master as concerned his "field": always jovial and friendly to farmer-boy and to peer, interested in all who rode with him, in their affairs, their families, and farms. Courteous and kindly, but with complete control over the varied mass of horsemen and horsewomen, — and

a timely loss of temper if needed to keep them from riding over scent or hounds, — he was certainly not made for town, and he was performing a most useful function in national life in being a model master of hounds.

The conversation, which might have grown Horatian in the comparison of town and country life, was cut short by the entrance of another member; and, in rapid succession, the dining-room door was opened three times.

First came Lord Henry Montfort, then Dick Howard, and then young Lord Hough of the Guards. The first was a short, ruddy figure, evidently a sailor. He was an admiral, just then not in commission, an excellent yachtsman, who had returned from Scotland, where he had been cruising ever since the Cowes races. The second, a very neat, slight, pale man of about thirty-five, one of the best-dressed men in London, was

an active member of Parliament, very keen in his work of party organisation. The third was a tall, slim, erect young man with a pink and white boy's face, and had the unmistakable bearing of the guardsman.

Shaking hands was an exceptional form of greeting in the Club, yet came quite naturally to the three first-comers, because of their isolation and their surprise at finding each other. The others, as they entered, upon finding three members dining at their tables, relapsed into their customary bow to the Prince and a nod to Causton and Fielding. They each accounted for their being in town in a few words to the Prince, and all dined in good humour behind their little tables.

The conversation was lively and general. But at times it would break up into more intimate talk, especially when personal news concerning friends was exchanged. Then the allusions to Freddie and Georgie,

with the natural assumption that the person was intimately known to all, often made one like Causton, who lived in many sets and had interests in many spheres, feel somewhat out of it. Still, there was such a vivid interchange of good spirits and such a unity of atmosphere around the six that it sounded quite natural when Prince Victor suggested that they should do something in common, and spend the evening together. Then some suggested theatres; but upon sending a waiter out to report upon the weather the answer was, "pouring with rain." Another suggested a rubber of whist; but it was not accepted. Though in former days there had been much card-playing in the Buckingham, it had now entirely dropped out.

"What a pity," said the Admiral, "that the old bowling-alley has been changed into the billiard-room! It did bring members of the Club together in comfortable talk

more than anything else. What fun it was!" And all agreed that it had been a real feature of the Club, when all its members laughed and chatted and played at a game which gave healthy exercise during their London evenings.

When billiards were suggested it was objected that it would either split them up or concentrate them too much upon the game itself.

"I have a suggestion," said Prince Victor. "It is cold and rainy out; let us convert this into a small house-party of friends in the country, and all sit before the fire in the upper room and have some good talk. I know Causton here can tell us something worth listening to, and Howard will reveal to us all the political secrets of the day."

This proposition was accepted with acclamation.

"Splendid," said Howard. "The Professor will give us a lecture."

Now, Causton knew that he was called the Professor by his worldly friends, when speaking of him; but he did not like the form or the substance of Howard's remark. He felt his profession to be second to none; but to obtrude it in ordinary social intercourse showed a want of tact. Moreover, the very sound and the hackneyed associations of the term "professor" always jarred upon him.

Prince Victor must have felt the same for his special friend, and this sensitiveness was perhaps heightened by the fact that he had secretly hoped their talk before the fire would turn into something like an informal address from Causton, and that his thirst for new knowledge would be gratified.

There was a touch of sharpness in his voice when he said:

"I am sure Causton would not cast his pearls before us. We should be much more able to appreciate a rehearsal of your electioneering address, which, I am sure, is

giving you so much trouble. I think you had better begin with that as a preliminary canter to Causton's race."

Howard, too, felt that he had made a mistake the moment he had spoken, and was sorry for it. It was the old Eton schoolboy who had spoken out of him. In reality he was above making such a remark and had a genuine regard for Causton. He at once said:

"Causton knows that I am not worthy to sit at his feet. Even in an electioneering address or a speech in the House he could beat me. I wish we could have more men like him, who really know something, in the House. The few we have lead the way even in practical questions far removed from their work."

"Well, let us go," said Prince Victor.

And with this the signal was given, and the six rose and ascended the stairs to the upper room, where a fire was blazing and

a sense of homelike seclusion prevailed. Large easy-chairs were rolled in a semicircle round the fire, the Prince seated himself in the middle, bidding Causton to sit by him, and the others grouped round. Coffee and liqueurs were served, cigars and cigarettes were lit, and there was a moment of expectation as to who should begin. When neither the Prince nor Causton began to talk Fielding helped them all out by asking with a touch of hesitation and shyness:

"By the way, Causton, can you tell me why they are making all this fuss about that man Hayward? I read a lot about it coming up in the train this afternoon."

"Oh, he is the great mathematician," Causton answered. "Perhaps the greatest representative of pure mathematics in Europe at this moment; and they have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his work as a professor at Cambridge. It

is a great and noble life that he has lived, and the use he has been to his country and to the world makes him well worthy of such public recognition."

"Well, I don't mind saying that I am an ignorant person and have shamefully neglected the opportunities of education at school and at the university, and, for that, ever since. But I don't know what the use of such work is; I don't know what pure mathematics is. Is there an impure mathematics?"

"They — I know very little about it — distinguish between pure and applied mathematics," Causton replied. "The one is what you would call more practical; the other is purely theoretical. There is a well-known toast of the famous mathematician Gauss at a scientific dinner: 'I drink to *pure* mathematics, the only science which has never been defiled by a practical application.'"

"Exactly," said Fielding, more confidently and fluently, having brought forward his previous questions with hesitation, "that's just the point I should like to ask you, and I have never yet been able to ask or have answered. You see, I'm a duffer, and I know you're a learned man, and a swell, and all that kind of thing, and I feel a sneaking, no, a straightforward respect for you. I'm really afraid of you, unless I have you out with hounds, and a good straight man across country you are, too; but hang it, I can't see what's the use of all this science and learning, and all that kind of thing, — what's the good of it? I know all you fellows are very keen about it, and you think it good for humanity, and the most important thing, and all that kind of thing; but why are you so keen about it, and what are you and we the better for it? Now I wish you would kindly explain this to me, and I should be very grateful. I've been

waiting for years to ask it, and I'm sure some of the others here — Now, Harry, you don't need to look shocked at my ignorance, for you know you don't know more than I do, nor do you, Hough! The Prince has got a touch of learning about him, and politicians — of course they know everything."

Having made this, for him, unusually long speech, he looked round at them all, then leaned back in his chair, as if fatigued from the exertion, and then continued imploringly, "Now I wish you would explain that to me, Causton, and I shall have spent a useful as well as an agreeable evening."

Prince Victor looked with some eagerness to Causton, manifestly pleased at the turn which bluff Fielding had given to the conversation, and all eyes were turned expectantly at him. He felt forced to take up the matter seriously; to shirk it would mean unkindness and affectation.

He felt embarrassed how to begin. He

had thought and talked a great deal on this subject, and he ought to have been well prepared to broach it now, but, perhaps, the very fact of his having thrashed it out so often and so thoroughly made it all the more difficult for him to begin. He had seen it from so many sides that he could not readily find one point of departure. A certain amount of ignorance is a stimulus to thought, and especially to exposition. His first answer thus partook of the character of a question, and was dictated by a natural desire to steady himself.

"Your question," he said, "really appeals to two spheres, the personal and the impersonal, and I hardly know which to deal with first. You ask why I or, rather, we men of science and letters are so keen about our life-work, and then you ask what is the use of such effort and accomplishment to the world at large."

"Isn't that really one and the same ques-

tion?" Howard here cut in. "Does not the general utility make the keenness? or, to put it differently, would you be so keen if you were not convinced of the proportionate utility? — would you be keen at all, if you thought your effort was no good to anybody?"

"Thank you, Howard, that puts it clearly. I should like to take up the question at once where you have fixed it. But I fear it would make us too academical, and would lead us too far or too deeply into the domain of metaphysics, ethics, and sociology. We should have to define 'use' and 'utility' and the primary motives of human action, and that would at once launch us into the fundamental problems of ethics: Hedonism, Utilitarianism, Rational and Irrational Egoism — and many other 'isms' which I wish to avoid."

"Yes, please don't do that," said Fielding, "or I shall not be able to follow you,

and shall shut up at once. That's the way most of you people choke me off and make me feel a fool. I have always doubted whether they could know it all really well, if they could not explain a thing without their philosophical and scientific lingo and slang and all that kind of thing."

"I quite agree with you, Fielding," said the Admiral. "I often say to naval youngsters that they don't really know their nautical work until they can go through the whole subject without using a single nautical term, and can make it clear to the country-bred landlubber."

"Well, I'll back Causton never to come the scientific pedant over anybody," said the Prince. "That's why even I have been able to learn much from him. Take it your own pace, Causton, and don't mind system."

This cross-fire gave the "Professor" time to survey the whole field of the problem, and to choose his general line of action.

"Well, then," said Causton deliberately, leaning back in his chair, looking straight before him and up towards the mantelpiece with compressed eyes, as if he had the outline plan of his answer written there, "I am keen about science, because I cannot help being so. Because I must do it, because there is a fundamental instinct driving me on to such effort, and this instinct must be satisfied. We study and think and strive after knowledge and truth, as the bird sings, and the eagle soars — and the hounds hunt the scent."

"I'm sure I don't feel that in the same way," Fielding put in.

"Well, you feel it in your way, and I shall convince you of it before we have done. Let me remind you of your desire to know something of the very subject we are talking about now, and which started this conversation. I could show you"—

"Don't be taken into a side channel by

Fielding," said the Prince. "We have all followed you so far. Go on with your 'instinct.' How can you tell that it is not a bad instinct? Are all instincts to be followed simply because they are instincts?"

"All instincts implanted in man are to be followed, provided they are not detrimental to himself or to society, and provided they are not absolutely or relatively useless. To decide about the two first need not give us so much trouble. The most difficult point to decide upon is the relative degree of utility."

The young guardsman had been listening silently until now. He now hazarded a question, blushing somewhat, though he spoke firmly and clearly.

"Is it not equally difficult, perhaps one of the most difficult things in life, to decide what is detrimental to one's self and to society?" he asked, turning to Causton.

"Of course, it is not always plain sailing,

and I know you are touching upon one of the difficult questions of practical ethics which" —

"Please don't go off on that tack," objected the Prince, "or we shall get no forwarder with the main question."

"You are right, Sir, it would lead us too far to enter upon that question. But Hough has given me a timely warning not to use terms loosely, and not to assume that fixed distinctions can readily be made in a clear manner."

There was a moment's silence, and then he continued:

"Well, then, let it be admitted that the instincts which are detrimental to one's self or to society at large lead to what we call vice. The habitual following of an instinct which is absolutely useless produces what we call a 'hobby.' When this instinctive energy is directed towards an object which is relatively useless we call this pursuit a 'fad.'"

"I am not quite satisfied about your two last distinctions," said the Prince. "The first is quite clear for the practical purposes of our discussion."

"Exactly," Causton continued more rapidly. "As I said before, this requires the nicest distinctions, for the objects and pursuits which become hobbies and fads may be useful at times and when followed under certain conditions and to certain degrees. It is the question of inopportuneness and exaggeration which makes them fads and hobbies. What is a legitimate pursuit to one man may be a fad or a hobby to another, because the latter is not called upon to devote the same amount of energy to such a pursuit, and has really other vocations in life.

"But my object is not to define these different groups of abnormal or condemnable pursuits in themselves. I merely wanted to point out that there are instincts which, if

followed, lead to forms of moral or intellectual disease,— namely, those which are harmful and those which are useless — nay, even that there may be doubts about those which tend towards objects which are comparatively useless. If we are clear that powerful instincts in us are not of this kind we are justified in following them, nay, in strengthening and developing such instincts.

"Now, no one can maintain that the instinct for knowledge, for the apprehension of truth, is either unsocial and immoral or useless. I am sure we none of us doubt that it is most highly moral and useful — in fact, indispensable to rational and sane life, both individual and collective, in larger communities. Accurate knowledge is at the bottom of all rational and practical action. We make mistakes and fail to gain the objects we strive for when we misapprehend the nature of the things without, our relation to them, and our power over them. There-

fore everything which tends to strengthen, refine, develop, and diversify this instinct is of greatest good to ourselves and to human society. Science and learning are the purest and most complete expression of this. And therefore, Fielding, I am confirmed in following this instinct — which, mind you, in some form or other is not peculiar to me and those of my class, but is a fundamental instinct in man as such."

"Well, I must say, Causton, you'd make a capital lawyer. I had to follow you straight on and I admit all that. I *can* understand why you should follow it. But I am not yet convinced of the utility of giving your whole life to 'pure mathematics.' May not that be what you call 'a fad,' when you devote your whole life to it? What's the good of the big books you write on 'pure mathematics' beyond satisfying your instinct — which I admit goes for something."

"Well, I am bound to say, you would

make an equally good lawyer, Fielding," said Causton eagerly, while he smiled at his jolly friend. "You have just hit the weak point.

"All I wished to show so far was that there was some motive in us for going in for Science and Learning as we do. So far the only use would be in satisfying and encouraging that fundamental instinct in us. That's why at the beginning I called this the *personal* aspect of the question. Now for the impersonal side:

"You ask: is the actual work produced, are the results, the tangible effects that arise when we follow this theoretical instinct, useful? What's the good of it, what's its use?

"Now, believe me when I say that it is not as a tricky lawyer who merely wants to steal a march upon his adversary that I begin my answer by another question, and ask you, 'What's the *use* of anything?' Has

this question never occurred to you? Have you never felt in this mood?"

"By Jove, I do confess it has occurred to me. I do feel it occasionally. But when it comes I know that it is about time to take a pill."

There was a laugh, not only because of what Fielding said, but also because of his manner in saying it. There was a jerk of the head, and a kind of dogged resolution to admit a distasteful truth of which he was not at all proud. But Causton continued quite seriously:

"Exactly, and you are right. Because it shows that something is out of order, that you are not a normal being, in perfect harmony with yourself and your natural surroundings. We men of science are all 'diseased' in this respect, because we must often call in question what others do naturally and spontaneously. Excuse me for quoting German," and, turning to the

Prince, he said; "You remember, sir, what Mephistopheles says to the young student:

"'*Dann lehret man Euch manchen Tag,*
Dass, was ihr sonst auf einen Schlag
Getrieben, wie Essen und Trinken frei,
Eins! Zwei! Drei! dazu nöthig sei.
* * * * * *
Der Philosoph, der tritt herein,
Und beweiset Euch es müsst' so sein:
Das Erst' wär so, das Zweite so,
Und drum das Dritt' und Vierte so;
Und wenn das Erst' und Zweit' nicht wär,
Das Dritt' und Viert wär nimmermehr.'

"Reflection kills action, and we are literally *sicklied o'er* with the pale cast of thought. From this point of view nothing is natural excepting pure animal life, and the more we are thoughtful, the more we are diseased. What does Browning make Paracelsus say?

"'Mind is nothing but disease,
And natural health is ignorance.'

"But on this ground you must allow me to maintain that your question as to the

use of science and thought is indicative of disease, as is also the question when applied to exertion in any other business or profession, in commerce, in the law, in politics, or in hunting. The ideal existence then would not be even the animal, it would be pure vegetating existence. But, after all, man is a conscious, thinking being; and so we are right in inquiring occasionally into the use or justification of what we generally do naturally, without further thought and with spontaneity. And though you may be right, Fielding, in attributing to physical derangement the mood which led you to doubt that which you always take for granted, the question remains whether, having asked it, you could then give yourself a satisfactory answer?"

"Of course I could not. But I am not one of those thinking fellows, and I told you that my education was neglected. My only answer was the pill, and a brisk gallop across

country that generally settled it. Have you any other?"

"Don't you think that that is simply suppressing the question, as a man may drown worry and grief in drink?"

"That may be so," said Fielding. "I really consider it absurd to question the use of what we are all agreed upon is the thing to do, and therefore" —

"Don't go on about that, Causton; give us your answer if you have any," said the Prince.

"All I am driving at," continued Causton, "is that we must arrive at this apparently absurd conclusion that very little that we do is of any good at all if we only take 'natural man' as the subject of our thought, and if we only consider what is 'necessary to existence;' if we define as useful — as is generally done in public discussions of this kind, when that word is used — what is manifestly, with gross manifestness, necessary to physical subsistence. We then return to

brute man — prehistoric man. The production and preparation of food beyond what is purely necessary to keep us alive, the elaboration of our dwellings beyond mere warmth and shelter, all the progress in the direction of comfort and beauty, the endless manufacture of a variety of articles of apparel and personal outfit, the development of our means of locomotion and communication, our public organisation of villages and towns, our theatres, operas, concert-rooms, museums, our libraries, universities, — all that is summarised under the term, 'civilisation,' — cannot lay claim to the term 'useful.' Nothing is useful that cannot be justified in the terms of the prehistoric cave-dweller, who eats roots and berries, devours the flesh of the animals he kills, gets shelter in his cave or wattle-hut, and keeps warm in his bearskin."

"Are you not overstating your case?" Howard here put in.

"Perhaps I am," Causton continued eagerly; "but I do not think it is as absurd as it seems. I know I need not apologise to *you*, when I say that I have heard political stump-speeches, in which the arguments glorifying the 'unusual prosperity of one period,' the great gain and use of one institution or line of action, as contrasted with the luxury, the uselessness of other pursuits and organisations, really only rested upon the absurd premises of prehistoric existence as I have sketched it bluntly."

"Hear, hear!" said the Admiral, who was a good old Tory, and merely had in mind the 'radical' speechmaker.

"I will not enter upon the question whether civilisation, progress, and whatever else we may call it, is good or bad. There are some developments of civilisation which are, as doctors would call it, 'hypertrophied' and are diseased. I admit this, however much I may dislike the frame of

mind of the 'romanticists' who sing of the simplicity of nature, and wish to hark back to the simple life, the brutality, cruelty, and misery of which distance and years, lending their enchantment, have hidden from our view. To make what was a matter of luxury a necessity often marks one of the main steps in civilisation. I simply say that we are such beings; that we are civilised beings, living in civilised communities. All the acquisitions in this continuous process of civilisation have gone into our blood, they are essential parts of ourselves — they are as necessary to our existence as eating and drinking — we cannot exist without them. Take the simplest and most uncultured type of person in our community. Have you ever entered into their inner, and even outer, lives with this question in mind? Well, then: There may be people who have not enough to eat. Do you think so, Howard?"

"I am afraid there are," said Howard; "but there are fewer cases of death from starvation in Western Europe and America than people realise."

"Well," continued Causton, "that certainly ought never to occur in a civilised community. But take the life of the poorest farm-labourers and artisans, and ask the question: How much of their conscious endeavour is directed towards providing for mere material subsistence of the prehistoric man-order? or, rather, inquire into the amount of thought and attention which is devoted by them to that which is far beyond mere material subsistence, and how real to them is the absolute necessity of those goods or the satisfaction of desires which go beyond satiety, warmth, and shelter. Most of their eagerness and keenness is directed during their waking life towards desires of what I should almost like to call an artistic and social order, towards a spiritual

article which cannot be expressed in bread-stuffs and textile fabrics — The riband on the poor dairy-maid's hat, the social ambition in the humblest walk of life, the pleasures of conversation at the street corner or in the public house, — pleasures essentially like those we are enjoying this evening here, — social ambition, the regard and consideration of their neighbours, the school treat, the dance, the foot-ball match, the show, the prettiness of their cottage or room, one pot or kettle instead of another, as they prefer one dress or hat to another, — all that really belongs to the domain of art, — all things that belong to the region of ideas and not of material realities. Now, to appreciate how essential these spiritual goods are to the simplest people among us, how intense as motives to action and exertion they are to a great number of people, you need but study the lists of suicides. In very few cases will you be able to find actual want of

the 'prehistoric' necessaries; while in most it will be the disappointment in the 'luxury' side of life, in the feelings that respond to this 'civilisation' life, built up out of, and resting upon, this evolution of mind and thought. And it is a pretty good test of the reality of such needs to find that people give up their lives rather than forego their satisfaction."

Causton paused after this long speech. Prince Victor looked about approvingly at the others, as if he were saying to them: Did I not tell you that we should have a good talk from him? There was a certain sense of proprietorship in his friend.

"Still," said Howard, "if we recognise the great importance which this accumulated effort has in shaping civilisation, how can you gain a practical test of the desirability of each mental effort? You may say that 'whatever is fundamentally necessary to this structure called civilisation is worth en-

couraging.' But how can we have a practical test with regard to our own pursuits, and how about science?"

"Well, I say that there can be no doubt that science and art are thus fundamentally necessary to civilisation. In fact, they are the purest and most direct expression of all these different currents which make up the broad stream of civilised progress; and thus they react upon civilisation, fix and confirm, advance and produce it. They produce that lasting and impersonal tradition which binds us all together, which belongs to no man alone, which we cannot infuse by heredity into each individual, so that he is better than his progenitor in himself, — except in so far as he is living in it, as it surrounds him and is the social, intellectual, and political atmosphere which he breathes from his childhood upwards. From this we derive the education which makes us what we are, and this spiritual body politic is housed, is

materially fixed, in our schools and universities, in our theatres and museums and libraries and churches, — these are the repositories of our spiritual goods and life. The common name for all this is culture, is science, art, religion, morality, and law. What distinguishes the civilised from the uncivilised, the cultured from the uncultured, is that they have developed science, the higher striving after truth; art, all the manifestations of beauty and the higher pleasures which are not selfish, which men can feel in common; and religion, in so far as it is not tied down to sensuous rites and dogmas, — for these the savage has as well. In short, we might almost say that the more real abstract general truths and needs are to us, the more these are emancipated from the material animal feelings, the higher are we in civilisation. That is how we differ from prehistoric man."

"I feel all you say, and I admire your

exposition," said Howard. "But I wish you could give a simpler and more practical test of the use of higher pursuits in taking more definite instances. You have shown us that there is a fundamental instinct in us which makes for truth, and that this instinct is justified in that civilisation is based upon it. But can you give any practical test to apply to our pursuits if we are in doubt? How are we to tell whether any pursuit we follow is not a useless hobby or a fad?"

"I can only say that a pursuit is not a hobby if we can discover some foundation for it in something rationally useful, in the universal and general taste of the people among whom we live our civilised and cultured life, or in the advancement of humanity. If one of us were the only man who hunted hounds, it would be a hobby, while now it is not. To collect penholders is a hobby: not so pictures, beetles, or butterflies. But immediately, or only remotely,

you must be able to recognise that there is some good in your occupation."

"I have felt that," said the Admiral, "about yachting, of which I am passionately fond. I used to say to myself that it trained sailors and advanced the art of sailing and of ship-building. I am bound to say I cannot satisfy myself about that now in the days when sails are hardly used in our navy."

"I also confess," said Fielding, "that even I, in some rare moments, have tried to justify hunting on the ground that it is good for the health of many hard-working people, that it produces courage and pluck, and that it encourages the breeding of good horses in the country. But I also have had my doubts about these justifications."

"It appears to me that you have both ignored the chief and sufficient justification of such pursuits; namely, the legitimate pleasure which civilised man requires as much as

the other goods we have been dwelling upon. Sports and pastimes which are not bought at the expense and sacrifice of our fellow-men are ennobling, they are to our physical life what art, science, and religion are to our spiritual life."

"Well, I am afraid there is not much to be said in favour of our vocation in life," said the Prince, turning to young Lord Hough. "It has been said that strong armies are the safeguards of peace. But I really do not believe it, do you?"

The young guardsman, though shy and one of those who, under ordinary circumstances, would never have referred to his intimate feelings in the presence of strangers, was affected by the warm and serious atmosphere which had prevailed that evening, and he said:

"I admit frankly that I have many moments when I am made rather miserable by the thought that soldiering is a profession

not in keeping with our highest ideas and the true interests of humanity."

"But, my dear George," Howard said, turning to the young officer, "you must take yourself as a member of the community and age in which you live, just as much as Causton insisted upon our being civilised beings with the needs of civilised men and not of prehistoric half-animals. We do not live in caves; but we also do not live in the moon. Not only in the Europe of to-day must we Englishmen hold our position, but we even have before us a great vocation in the spread of civilisation over the other continents and hemispheres, and for this you are the vanguard, — we shall need your strong arm for many decades, perhaps for centuries for this great task. And this task, moreover, is one which will well agree with Causton's 'spread of civilisation,' which he makes the final test of all general lines of effort."

"I heartily side with you, Howard," said Causton. "You remind me of a very pathetic experience of mine, when an old patriot and statesman of one of the smaller countries in the southeast of Europe, in a conversation on patriotism and his life-work, said, with tears in his voice: 'Ah, my young friend, you are happy, because you are an Englishman. You need never feel the doubt which crosses our minds in miserable moments — the doubt, namely, whether the civilisation which our country represents, to the maintenance of which we are devoting our lives, will not of necessity be assimilated in the life of more advanced and more powerful nations. You can feel assured that the more you extend the power of *your* country, the more have you advanced the general progress of humanity. For you are the son of a great nation, in the very forefront of civilisation, — which I am not.'"

"That is really touching," said the Prince.

"I believe I know the man you are referring to. It is really infinitely sad to realise that a patriot of one of these countries must occasionally feel such strong doubts as to whether it is worth while maintaining a country, a language, and a nationality which will and ought to be swallowed up some time or other — but, my dear Causton, we are deviating from our path. Have you nothing more to say about the use of science?"

"I have, Sir, but before I do so I should like to repeat an interesting confession of one of my friends which will put the arguments in favour of scientific pursuits in a more personal and direct manner. He is a colleague of mine, a distinguished archæologist, and teaches his subject at our university. Some time ago he made a striking discovery, one of a series he has made in his work. He had found in a foreign museum a marble head, which, by means of his careful and

systematic observation and comparison of works of ancient art, a method developed in his science in the most accurate manner by several great scholars, he at once recognised as belonging to a statue by Phidias in London. A cast of the head was made for him by the authorities of the foreign museum. He took it to London, and there, to his own delight and that of all people who love the masterpieces of Greek art, when he tried this head on the neck of the beautiful female figure, each fracture fitted exactly. The precious work of art from the age of Pericles, of the art of Phidias, was now made complete, after it had remained incomplete for centuries.

"When one day I was congratulating him upon this discovery, and saying to him how happy must have been that moment, and how contented he must be with the successful pursuit of the vocation he had chosen in life, a discussion similar to the one we are

now carrying on ensued, and in it he made to me the following confession as to the light in which at various moments his work appeared to him, and the varying degrees of moral justification which he then recognised as underlying his efforts.

"'When I am quite well in body and mind,' he said, 'I work on with delight and vigour. It is pure joy; I never question the rightness and supreme necessity of my work at all. Nothing in this world appears to me of greater importance for me to work at, and I am almost convinced that the world could not get on without my work. Convinced is not the right word; for I do not think about this general question at all. But at the bottom of this joyous expenditure of creative energy lies this conviction, and all the justifications which I must now enumerate. For, as my moral or physical health sinks, one of them after the other drops off, until I am left with but the feeble support of the

last lame excuse for exertion with which I limp or crawl through my deep dejection and melancholy.

"'With the first disturbance of moral or physical sanity, I begin to doubt and query. It is the first stage of the disease; but I am still full of high and sound spirits. Besides all the others, I feel one supreme motive to action, which is of the highest religious order, so high that but few people will be able to understand it, and still fewer can sympathise with it and be moved by it.

"'I look upon my individual work and creation as part of the great universe, even beyond humanity. I even transcend the merely human or social basis of ethics, and I feel myself in communion with the world in all its infinite vastness.

"'I know this sounds like mysticism, but I assure you it is both clear and real to me. I then feel that if there were in this world no single human being to love or care for,

instruct or amuse, my work would still be necessary, in view of the great harmony of things, to which right actions, truth discovered, and beauty formed contribute, as their contraries detract from it.

"'Were there no single person living,' he continued, with growing warmth of enthusiasm, 'it would be right, nay, necessary, for me to discover that head in the foreign museum. That head lay "pining" there in the foreign museum for years, and for centuries under the earth before it was excavated, until *I* came, and by the knowledge I possessed (which means the accumulated effort of many learned men establishing the method, as well as my years of preparation and education in acquiring it and making it my own), by this science of mine, I joined it to that torso, that imperfect fragment of a thing, and made it whole, — a living work of art fashioned by the master genius, whose existence two thousand years

ago became part of the world's richness for all time. So long as that head and that torso remained separate there was discord and not harmony in the world's great Symphony — the world was so much the poorer, so much the less beautiful and good. I made the world richer by my act, more harmonious, more beautiful; and thus, without self-love, or even love of man, I proved my love of God. That is the *Amor Dei*. Then we are enthusiastic in the Greek sense of the word; we are full of God.

"'In the next stage, when my spirits flag somewhat and reflection and then doubt begin to come over me, I cannot feel moved by this widest and grandest assurance of the bearings of my science. But, in addition to the lower justifications, I then quiet my doubts by the feeling that my work and my teaching are one element in the establishment, increase, and spread of what we call civilisation, culture, and general education.

Human life becomes more elevated and refined by the sum of our efforts. Without good archæologists, and the consequent knowledge of the past, our civilisation would not be as perfect as it is.

"'Then, when I sink still lower, and can no longer feel this more general conception of human life, I can still feel that the effect upon those for whom I write and those whom I teach will be refining, and will bring true Hellenism (not the pseudo-Hellenism of morally degenerate sciolists) nearer to them; and also that I increase their capital of refined intellectual enjoyment, their intellectual resources, and their taste.

"'And when I am lowest of all I say to myself that I am making good professional archæologists and curators of museums, am training good schoolmasters for our public schools, and am at least helping these young men to a profession, giving them the means of earning a living.

"'When I have arrived at that stage of dejection and lowness of spirits I jog on in a "from hand to mouth" existence; but I feel that the sooner I can get a good holiday and some rest, the better it will be for me.'"

The Prince was perhaps the only one in the party who could really follow Causton in his sympathy with the idealised views of the scholar whom he quoted. Causton himself knew that there are but few people to whom this creed of the man of science would not appear cant.

"I am much impressed with your friend's confession," said the Prince, "but you have not yet touched upon the more direct tests of the utility of science."

"There are two more points I should like to bring home, and then I have done," Causton said.

"I have hitherto spoken of civilisation in general terms. I now wish only to say a

few words more about the civilised man as such, and about the direct use of science.

"The higher pursuits produce the type of the cultured man. He is brought up in the atmosphere and among the traditions of this higher intellectual life. Even if he has forgotten, or never learnt in detail, each department of such higher work, he is imbued with their spirit. In conduct and manners a certain moral and social atmosphere, in which we are reared, produces what we call breeding. This makes us recognise, fraternise, and live in agreeable peace with a well-bred man, even though he be in a flannel shirt, furnishes common ground upon which we all stand: the delicate knowledge of where to stop, — tact, in short, — which produces the sense of social security without the danger of offending taste and sensibility. So there is intellectual breeding, the assimilation of these higher pursuits upon which all our school-teaching and reading are based."

But it was here that a certain tact on his part made him desist from entering more minutely into the details of his description of the cultured, the *educated* man. For he felt that, however sensible, however well bred and refined in his inner nature a man like Fielding was, he was lacking in this "intellectual breeding." He was going to dwell upon the common language among all cultured people, intelligible only to them, as well-bred people understand each other's ways and manners, views about living and people; but he felt that with every word he was hitting Fielding. Why should a "gentleman" not be defined as one who, besides possessing tact and breeding, was the man of the world who stood on the common ground of culture, knew works that all had read or know of, historical events and achievements in the world of thought which all ought to know, which ought to be part of their very consciousness, so that they under-

stand each other at once, — because they possess that intellectual breeding, which many good fellows of the Fielding type did not possess, and which would make it impossible for any one to ask the question which brought about this discussion on the use of scientific pursuits? After all, was it not a shame that gentlemen of great families, with long traditions of historic culture, with means of education, the best a great country could offer, with leisure and all conditions favourable to the fullest cultivation of the mind, should dare to ask such a question at all?

All this rapidly flitted through Causton's mind, and he then continued more rapidly, having lost the enthusiastic pleasure in his talk which moved him before:

"Now for the last justification of pure science. I have kept it for the end, because it is the hackneyed one that the political stump-speakers state, overstate, and carica-

ture: How can we tell what will be of the greatest use? — whether the pure mathematics which are opposed to practical application may not be the means of the greatest discovery in the material and practical world? How can we individual workers predict what striking practical application may be made of a piece of theoretical work which was purely theoretical in our mind: to which we could not have done justice had we prematurely thought of practical ends? We are but the hewers of stones, the bricklayers, and hod-carriers to the great edifice of human progress. We do not know which stone may be the cornerstone, what may be the cement to hold together the blocks of knowledge. Every now and then there comes a great architect or some ingenious carver who may design the plan of a building, or carve a beautiful ornament for our blocks. But any stone we thus fashion may turn out the cornerstone to an edifice of

great public use, a keystone to the great arch of elevating culture."

"Can you not give us more definite instances?" asked the Prince.

"They abound. I hardly need refer to them. In manufacture, to which we owe our wealth, in mechanics and engineering, in medicine, in all practical sciences, the pure and theoretical studies such as mathematics, physics, chemistry, are the basis upon which the most practical discoveries rest. Even the 'chance' discovery about which so much noise is made could not have sprung into existence unless the seed of it fell upon the fertile ground of systematic pure science. The Germans know what they are about when they train even their practical manufacturing chemists and engineers in the universities, where they are well grounded in the purely theoretical side of their work; and we are lagging behind in this country, because we are too 'practical,' too empirical. Every

one of you must know instances of such great and direct use in the work of scientific men." And he turned to the others.

"The very man whose jubilee they are now celebrating, and about whom Fielding inquired, was the inventor of a most practical implement without which we sailors could not get on," said the Admiral.

"Why, just consider the infinite possibilities in the discovery of the Röntgen rays for surgery and medicine, and all kinds of practical work," the Prince put in.

"What is more," said Causton, "I am told that the discovery of argon had something to do with Röntgen's discovery of the 'rays.' This element in the air, which Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay discovered last year, made a great stir. But I remember at the time hearing the question asked of physicists, 'Of what use argon could be?' and they answered, that they could ascribe to it no appreciable use whatever. And now you

see how it may be connected with the Röntgen rays, and from these a *new light* (literally) is thrown upon most important domains. The whole of science and knowledge is one chain which encircles organised human action and progress. I remember a great friend of mine, noblest of men and truest of scholars, expending much energy, time, and ingenuity in distinguishing between the different editions of earliest printed books. The different forms of commas in these fonts of type formed an important item in this systematic investigation of his. How natural to say, what can be the use in studying the commas in a fifteenth-century book? But, some time after this, a most important historical question — I believe about the discovery of America — was solved by means of the distinction which this conscientious study of commas established beyond a doubt. I must not go on. It is the lowest form of justification, or rather it is that form which

at once appeals to the lowest motives and intellects. But all I wish to say is that conscientious scientific inquiry, observation, and study, besides producing and strengthening methods of thought and mental discipline, may be left to themselves as regards their further use; for we can never predict what direct and immediate use they may produce. I hope this will satisfy you, Fielding."

And with this Causton, who appeared fatigued with much speaking, showed that he had come to the end; and there were signs of rising among the party. But the Prince stopped them: "You must remain a little longer," he said, "for I have a story to tell you which illustrates well the subject we have been discussing. It is an instance of the use of science — for such it was to the poor man — which came in a most unexpected and striking way at the end of a man's life."

They all settled down again, and Prince Victor began his story of the Flags of Badajos: —

"In the year 1860 or 1861 Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt and his brother Prince Henry came to London on a visit to the English Court. This Prince Louis subsequently married Princess Alice, second daughter of the Queen, and succeeded his uncle as Grand Duke of Hesse. These princes had been commissioned by their uncle, the then reigning Grand Duke, to inquire into the whereabouts of the colours of two Hesse Darmstadt regiments which had been taken by the British at the capture of Badajos in 1812.

"It appeared that the discovery of these flags was a matter of the very greatest importance. Not only that certain facts of history with regard to the Peninsular War would thereby be established; but the whole fortunes of a distinguished family, and

certain affairs of state and of public interest in the country, depended upon the fact whether the presence of these two regiments at Badajos, and, in consequence, of a certain officer, a member of a distinguished Hessian family, could thus be proven by the discovery of their flags.

"What appealed to me most was that apparently the honour of this family had been assailed, and that a blot upon the reputation of many honourable people could be cleared away after many years, during which their enemies had cast doubt upon them.

"The two princes had the matter much at heart, and were sent to me by the Prince Consort as one who was likely to assist them in their search.

"Though I had always taken a deep interest in the military history of these wars, and had a special hobby (excuse the word) for flags, I was not aware of the presence of two Darmstadt regiments at Badajos, nor had I

ever come across such colours. Thinking the matter over, it appeared to me that the most likely place where such flags, if they existed, would be deposited was Chelsea Hospital. So I drove my guests down to Chelsea, though I must confess I thought it a wild-goose chase.

"We inspected the large number of flags in the chapel as well as in the hall. But it was impossible to recognise anything in most of them, which presented simply a mass of netting with a few patches of faded colour in worn tissue stuck in here and there. It was more than a Chinese puzzle to make out anything from the scanty remains. It would have required a great knowledge of flags, and a synthetic power, to restore them from such slight indications, corresponding to the faculty with which Cuvier and Owen were credited of building up an animal out of a single bone of its skeleton.

"We stood there helpless; nor could the

colour-sergeant who had accompanied us give any information.

"I turned to him with some irritation, and said: 'Where is your chief? Is there no one in the whole of this blessed place who knows anything about these flags?'

"'No, Sir,' he said, standing to order and saluting, 'there is nobody here who can make them out.'

"We were just turning from him in impatience and disgust, when he said:

"'I beg your Highness's pardon; but I just remember, that there is somebody here who knows all about the flags, but — but — you cannot see him.'

"'Why not? Tell us where he is, and bring him here at once,' I said peremptorily.

"'He can't come here, Sir, and I do not think that you can even see him, if you go to him. He is on the point of dying this very day.'

"'Who is he, and where is he?' I asked.

"'It is Colonel Geoffry, Sir, a Captain of Invalides, and he occupies one of the houses in the West Court.'

"'Who lives with him?'

"'Miss Geoffry, his daughter, Sir.'

"'Take us to her,' I said.

"'But, I beg your Highness's pardon. Miss Geoffry is nursing her father, and' —

"'Take us to the house,' I repeated, and I turned to the door of the chapel, he following us, and we descended the stairs into the Centre Court facing the statue of Charles the Second.

"The sergeant then showed the way, and we turned to the right, through the row of buildings on the west side of the court, and entered the West Court. He took us to one of the one-storied houses occupied by officers of the Invalides.

"'Here, take my card in, and ask for Miss Geoffry. Ask her whether she could spare

me one minute. We remain out here until you bring the answer.'

"He soon returned, followed by a tall, slim lady, a spinster, and still not an old maid, with refined features, evidently care-worn; but with a noble peace and resignation stamped on every line, which told of a soul mellowed and ennobled, but never embittered, by years of quiet suffering and privation.

"I advanced to her and extended my hand, which she took (I can feel the thin, refined hand to this day) and curtsied, while I said:

"'Miss Geoffry, I feel the greatest compunction in intruding upon you at this moment. I know of the bad state of your father, and I will realise your own anxiety. Forgive me, and allow me to put before you the object which has brought me here, and then you will judge whether we can see or communicate with your father or not.'

"I then presented her to my guests, and

told her the object of our mission, impressing upon her the practical importance of the information contained in the flags if identified.

"I had hardly mentioned the flags when a blush stole over her pale face and a smile of pleasure gave light to the soft and serious expression which seemed to have grown into it, so as never to leave it again.

"'My father is, as you may know, Sir, at death's door, and I would not disturb the peace of these last days or hours for anything on earth. But I believe that what brings you here may add to this peace and give the greatest light to these dark hours of his — greater, purer, and more intense than your Highness or anybody can possibly imagine. I have hitherto not done anything without consulting the doctor. But I feel assured in myself that I may take this in my own hands, from what I know of my father, and no doctor can know as I do, and I can

promise you, Sir, that, should you not be able to see my father, I shall at least communicate with him at once about the information you require, and that you will surely learn all you desire to know. Pray come into our drawing-room, Sir.'

"And with this she ushered us into the low, simply, but tastefully furnished and decorated drawing-room of the house, and left us after we were seated there.

"She did not give us much time to admire the spotless cleanliness, the cosey and home-like neatness, the taste and refinement of the furnishing and decoration, with whatever small means the artistic end was attained, and the sweet flowers abounding in the low room, for she returned almost immediately, with a flush of joy in her face, and a revived youthfulness in her movements, and said, with a soft voice trembling with eagerness, almost impatience:

"'My father is overjoyed to hear of your

visit and its object. He insists upon the honour of seeing you personally, Sir; and, as a soldier, he hopes you will forgive the state of a sick-room, and his inability to do the honours properly.'

"And then a slight hesitation came over her, as she said: 'But I fear, Sir, I should be transgressing all the injunctions of the physician if I allowed more than one visitor at a time — though I know how highly honoured my father would be to receive such distinguished guests,' and she turned and bowed gracefully to the Princes.

"The elder of the guests at once put in that he was very comfortable in the pretty drawing-room, and, tired as he was from walking and standing about, he hoped he might rest there. He then complimented her on the prettiness and taste of the room and her lovely flowers.

"She then led me into the room of her dying father.

"The room was so thickly curtained that I could not at first distinguish anything besides the white mass of the bed and the dark outline of a head on the snow-white pillows.

"'This is His Highness Prince Victor, dear father,' Miss Geoffry said.

"'How do you do, Colonel Geoffry,' I said. 'I am much honoured to make your acquaintance, though sorry not to find you in better health.'

"'I am only sorry, Sir, not to be able to receive you more fittingly. May I have your hand, Sir?'

"I advanced in the direction of the low, cavernous voice, and my eyes becoming more accustomed to the gloom, I could see the face, haggard and colourless, with the marks of India clearly stamped upon it, with the dark, glowing eyes in their sunken orbs, but an illumined expression of mysterious joy and light beaming from them.

"I took the bony and hot hand in mine. He must have been a very tall man. He was emaciated almost to a skeleton.

"'You come about my dear flags, Sir — Oh, this is the happiest moment of my life! I have always wished to meet you, Sir; for we ought to have been old friends. We were at Inkermann together when we were mere boys. I stood five paces from you when that shell burst behind the trenches, killed three men, and spared you and me. But then I've been in India much, and never came across you when I was over here, and so we've never met since. But that you should come before I am gone, to inquire about the flags, that you or anybody should be really interested in them, that my information should be needed, that it is going to be of real use — Oh, it is the happiest moment of my life! Sit you down, Sir, tell me all about it, and what you want! — yes, dear, I know I ought to be quiet; but joy

will not kill, and, if it should, it is the best pilot to heaven.'

"Miss Geoffry had placed a chair beside the bed, and I sat near the dying officer, whose hand I held. His voice sounded hollow; but there was no difficulty in breathing. Still, he paused every now and then to collect his strength as he spoke, and evidently was straining every nerve to keep calm and not to burst forth in his eagerness, which might have killed him at once.

"I repeated to him the incident of the visit I had had, of the important object for which the information was required, and the fruitlessness of our inquiries: and I again apologised for troubling him, as I was told that he was the only man who could give the needed information.

"'Ah, of course they had to come to me now. Thank God I am not dead yet!' and there was a tone of triumphant resentment in his voice. '"Mad Geoffry! Flag-staff

Geoffry! Maniac about colours, poor fellow! Touched in the upper story! Fools away all day over those colours and thinks he is doing serious work! . . . As if it could be of any use to anybody!" That was the kind of thing I heard them mutter and say among themselves, when they smiled compassionately, if not contemptuously, as I passed to the chapel every day followed by poor old one-legged Stubbins. He was an artillery sergeant, my helpmate and secretary, who grew as keen over the work as I did, and was laughed at, jeered at, more roughly than I was, by his rougher companions. Oh, if only he were alive, poor old soul, with the faithfulness of a Newfoundland dog, — to have had this moment and the joy of it!

"'You do not know, Sir, what we suffered from the ridicule of people incapable of comprehending our work or of feeling our enthusiasm. Oh, I must not talk on! You want

to know about the flags, and if I talk too much it may be too late.'

"And turning to his daughter he said, with a wonderfully soft voice, every touch of resentment having left it:

"'Go, dearest child; in my room on the third shelf to the left there is the catalogue. It will be the fourth volume. Bring it, my dear. She always believed in me and my colours,' he added, as she left the room.

"And then he continued eagerly: 'Oh, they were the one consolation of a spoilt life, the balm upon a wounded and poisoned heart, shrivelled up with disappointment! A sad and hard life mine has been, and I am glad to have come to the end of it, Sir. With an unhappy boyhood, as the poor orphan relation who had to be provided for, a great wave of hope swept over me at the beginning of my military life and the Crimean War. My imagination was fired with ambition. With all our hardships and privations

there, and the horror of slaughter and butchery in a young heart, that was the happiest period of my life; because there was most hope in it.

"'Since then I have fought and fought, if not with the enemy, then with a cruel climate and with the severest blows of fate. Most of my life in India. Then my marriage to that angelic woman — bless her sweet soul! — four children following one upon another. Pinched in means, tied, even during leave, to my post in order to support my growing family. And the cost of maintenance and education, and — the doctor's bills! But all of no avail. First she was taken from me, the one great love of my life. But I do not complain. It was a blessing for her. For I could have offered her nothing but continual struggle and suffering. And then, one by one, my three children died away, just when they were hopeful of active and independent life: my two boys, one at

school in England, the other at sea as a midshipman, and my eldest daughter at the birth of her first child. Mary has remained to me, the sweet and patient guardian of my weary life, the patient listener to my grievances, the blind martyr to my faults. My only fear of death is lest she should be uncared for. If you can, Sir, help her: but . . . please remember that she is proud!'

"After a pause, which reverentially I did not interrupt, he continued:

"'And the worst enemies of all were my wounded pride and my shattered faith in justice and human kindness. Many years of service in which I saw much fighting, slow advancement, others passing over my bent shoulders to distinction and eminence, and nothing but my many wounds to show, which I was too proud to show to an ungrateful country. No influence at home, forgotten by all. "Poor Geoffry! Good soldier, but no go, slow dog!"

"'Perhaps they were right, and the bitterness of years had no foundation, no justification. I was not born to be a practical man, a man of action, or even a soldier — though I thought I was a good one. I was really born to be a student, a scholar, perhaps I might then have done something in the world.

"'At last, pensioned and permanently invalided, by mere fluke of good fortune, through one kind friend whom I had forgotten and who emphatically recalled my long service to the authorities, I got this berth here. But when I came my heart was eaten out with disappointment and bitterness.

"'So I would stroll about these grounds alone, and my favorite retreat in all weathers was the hall and the chapel; and from the very first the tattered and neglected colours fascinated me and evoked my love, my reverence, and my deep, almost human, sympa-

thy. They seemed like me, the forsaken children of an ungrateful country — they were like me. They had waved hopefully in the forefront of battle, and had been carried away by the conqueror with shouts of wild joy and victory. Proudly and gratefully had they been paraded on the return of the victors. And here, their glorious days forgotten, they had been stowed away among shades of decrepit warriors, uncared for, dropping sadly their miserable stuff and texture, their colour fading past recognition, until they became nothing but common rags, undistinguishable from their discarded and soiled comrades in the streets and gutters.

"'And my heart bled for these forsaken ones. My eyes dwelt upon them with love and compassion day by day. But self-pity was the strongest element and admixture in my feelings for them. They were but the symbols of my wasted and miserable life.

Gradually, however, their own life and soul, their own noble selves, began to manifest themselves to me; myself and my selfishness vanished; I began to love them purely for their own sakes; I lived in them — I forgot myself, and they made me forget my sufferings. Nay, they became the joy of my latter days. And I vowed that I would be their champion, that I would reinstate them in their birthright, and restore them for all ages to the glory which was ever living in them, though they appeared but common rags.

"'But here again I met with difficulties and vexation. The authorities, with all their red tape, had to be won by much disheartening effort to allow me to work at them. Delays and petitions no end, until I at last was entrusted with the care of what others spurned and neglected. It is a small matter hardly worth mentioning: but when once I had fought through the obstacles,

and got permission to repair and catalogue the colours, there was no appropriation made for the materials of work. Herein Mary was my true helper and assistant. She selected and prepared the materials for restoration — or rather conservation.

"'And then began our work, which spread over years. First there was the restoration and preservation of the colours themselves.

"'With greatest care and delicacy the rotting and crumbling bits of textile had to be cautiously collected, and the right place in the whole design given them; then they were fixed upon the cord netting which Mary had selected as the best material to preserve them and not to interfere with the effect of the genuine remains. We had long discussions and most serious talks on the "Principles of Restoration": how we could reverentially preserve, and still interfere to the smallest possible degree with, the precious original document. In this handiwork

we were joined by Stubbins, who became my assistant, companion, and friend from that moment. He at first became attached to me because I showed him some slight attention and kindness; then, no doubt, he felt the affinity with his own fate. He, too, had had a wife and children whom he had lost while in the service of his country. He, too, had not got advancement and the cross, when a less worthy comrade had got them. He was my brother in suffering. And thus, through personal affection, he joined in my work and became my helper, a most skilful, intelligent, and untiring helper; and he became imbued with the same enthusiasm for the colours which moved me. His life as well as mine, from that moment, was filled with the flags, and drew sustenance from their tattered shreds of glory.

"'But then came the difficult task of identification, which led us far afield. The

colours in themselves were almost all of them unrecognisable: and no record existing, even when their colour and design were traced and made out, they were not yet identified as regards their country, their regiment, and the occasion of their capture. And so began a vast amount of reading and research: military histories, stories of campaigns, memoirs of regiments; nay, old records, and even manuscripts: constant pilgrimages to the British Museum, even invasions into the sacred archives of the Record Office. Herein my daughter was my greatest helper, especially as, knowing foreign languages, she could take the department of foreign literature. You can hardly realise how far a small insignificant point relating to the arms on a flag, or an incident in a battle, led us afield. There we would sit and read through volumes, far removed in their main import from the flag or the arms, to settle our point. And

the volumes of notes we collected! Why, there is material in them for many tomes of military history, biography, geography and topography, heraldry, and military antiquities. The great life of the past, the passions and struggles of nations, emanated from these tattered rags, and spread their bright spiritual wings round our lives.

"'And the pleasant evenings when we three would sit before the fire in our drawing-room, Mary and I with our tea, and dear old Stubbins with his glass of grog; and either she or I would alternately read and take notes! Then we would study and discuss together, steeped in history, full of the knowledge of the past; and our flags would be familiarly referred to by the abbreviated names we had given them: red Waterloo, left-corner Sebastopol, blue-eyed Vittoria, white-faced Alma, and so on.

"'Then finally came the work of cataloguing, and what I called restoring, for

the careful drawings which I made of each flag were the accurate reproductions of the remnants, which remained religiously intact, made complete by the information we had amassed from all quarters. The drawings are the true restorations, and you will find them all in the volumes of my catalogue. Then, unravelling the tangled material of notes, I accompanied each drawing in the catalogue with a concise account of the capture, the history of the war, and of the regiment to which the flag belonged, and incidental notes of interest. The difficulty was not to give too much.

"'I recommended to the authorities, and pressed them hard with my request, that from these drawings new flags should be made, representing each flag as it was when used in battle, and that these should be placed beside each tattered colours in chapel and hall; so that everybody could recognise the flag, and could at the same time realise

the venerable life and story of the actual trophy. But though I importuned them much, I did not succeed. Perhaps, Sir, you may use your influence and carry out this pet plan of mine for a living military museum in this home of ours.

"'Well, Sir, you can imagine how all this filled my life. It gave new interest and vigour to my invalid years. Since I began it not a moment of loneliness or weariness have I felt, and — even the bitterness and disappointment left me, and I was contented to live in my real tasks which I fulfilled daily.

"'And above all, there was the glorious consciousness of fulfilling a great vocation. Here was work done, a creation put into the world, which, without me, would have been lost. Providence needed my hand to do this work —

"'"Not God himself could do man's best
Without best men to help him."

"'The world was the richer for the truth saved, the facts and their spirit, the life of the past in its present remains, saved for all times, capable of transmission and perpetuation through my catalogue, my honest life-effort. This was as real an achievement as any battle won and blood spilt. I was of some real use at the end of my crippled life, and this filled me with a sincere and genuine self-esteem and pride, so that the neglect and ridicule of all about me passed from me without effect upon my soul. The work was there; I had given it to the world, to God, and the blindness and ignorance of those about me could not touch me.

"'Let them wonder jestingly what "Flagstaff Geoffry" was about when he trotted on with one-legged Stubbins to work at these colours! Let them think me cracked in the upper story; I felt secure in myself of the sanity, the absolute rightness and goodness of my work for the welfare of my

country and of the world, — I felt it was not wasted, as my life here had not been an idle or useless vegetating.

"'But I must add that during moments of low health, and, in consequence, low spirits, while admitting to myself that the work was elevating and ennobling to me, that it was moral and pure and disinterested in its spirit, that the results offered, and the effect of the example upon those who knew of it, were elevating to all, I still had rare moments of painful doubts, as to the *use*, the tangible utility, of so much toil. I was longing for a proof, almost praying to God for a miraculous testimony of the profit and value of his humble servant's work.

"'And now, when I am at the gates of death, this testimony has come. There is real tangible use of my long labour; use which even the coarse and gross minded who scoffed at me will comprehend and admit! This, Sir, is the final climax; it is the great-

est and happiest moment of my life, and I shall die in purest peace and join my beloved ones.'

"He stopped talking and sank back with exhaustion on his pillow. Mary, who had been standing with the book, without interrupting her father during most of his fervent words, rushed forward and bent over him with anxiety. I, too, feared it might be the end, and that the excitement had been too much for him. But he revived, gazed at his daughter, and said, smiling sweetly, 'Oh, my dear child, I forgot you. How can I leave you!'

"And then, 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I am forgetting the very purpose of your Highness's visit. Have you got the book, Mary? Well, Badajos, — No. 12, about page 32.'

"Miss Geoffry turned over the pages.

"'Yes, here it is, father. E. 14.'

"'You will find the flags on the right hand as you enter the chapel, about the middle of the room, the third row from below. They have a brass L on the top of the flagstaff. You will have to send for the ladder.'

"I took the dying man's hand, and thanked him. I could hardly speak for emotion, and nearly broke down.

"My guests had, no doubt, been impatient during their long wait in the drawing-room.

"So we hurried to them and to the chapel; the ladder was brought; and there we found two flags surmounted by the double L and the Landgrave's crown.

"The important question was solved.

"Colonel Geoffry died shortly after this.

"His daughter is quite a friend of my wife's, who often sees her. She is a secretary of the Soldiers' Widows' Home.

"I told this story to the Prince Consort,

who bought for a fair and adequate sum the manuscript from the daughter, and it is now deposited in the Royal Library of Windsor Castle, where it is one of the treasures of national history."

The Prince had finished his story. It had moved the whole party to silence. It was some time before any one spoke, and then it was Causton who at last said:

"Thank you warmly, Sir, for that beautiful and touching story. It has more fully illustrated what I meant to say, has brought it more directly to our hearts and to our minds, to our hearts and *therefore* to our minds, I should say, than all learned disquisitions could have done."

And, as they broke up, Howard said:

"It has been a remarkable evening, very pleasant and highly useful and profitable."

"Damn profit and use!" Fielding said. "We have had a delightful time, without harming anybody; and that, in itself, is improving enough!"

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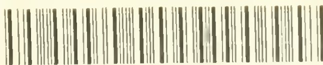
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